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NEVERFAIL:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF THE BORDER.

A Tale of Kentucky.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHEROKEE CHIEF.

It was now twilight. Preparations for supper had been going forward, but now they were suspended. Neverfail put his ear to the ground and remained motionless for some time; while Nolan carefully drew the brands and fagots from the fire, that had been kindled for cooking purposes. The sounds they had heard were in the direction of the river, and toward it Lockwood advanced in the stealthy manner described. He reached the bank, crouched low among the reeds, and strained his eyes up the stream. A small, dark object was visible, which, rapidly drawing near, proved to be a canoe. A figure was seated in the stern, urging the light craft onward by repeated strokes. He observed it with interest, as it glided quietly yet swiftly upon the smooth and glassy surface. It kept close to the opposite shore, a circumstance which Lockwood regretted. A strange feeling came upon him; that lithe and active form seemed familiar to his eyes. He could not but associate it with Trailseer. What was his present purpose? His course was certainly toward Fort Waldron, and assisted by the current he could reach it before morning, if such was his wish.

The birchen vessel was soon opposite. The river was not wide at that spot, but the trees hanging over the water, threw a sombre margin of shadow far out toward the middle. This shadow baffled, measurably, the expectation of the borderer, who hoped to put the matter of his identity beyond doubt, when he could command a nearer view.

That an Indian guided and propelled the canoe, he was satisfied; that it was Trailseer, he was not equally sure, but was strongly inclined to the opinion that it was. This suspicion brought back all his former mental miseries. He was conscious of an intense hatred for Trailseer—the cause of which was scarcely known to himself, and which detracted from his self-respect. He attempted to move down the stream, with the hope that the light and shade would favor a more perfect view; but the first movement produced a rustling of the reeds that reached the ready ear of the Indian. He paused, with his paddle held motionless in the water. The borderer wisely remained silent. The swaying of a bush or the veriest vibration of a twig would have betrayed the presence of some living thing to the acute senses of the solitary voyager.

The vessel glided gently on with the impetus it had received, shooting still nearer to the other shore, in obedience to a slight motion of the paddle from the wary Indian. Lockwood thrust his rifle before him through the reeds, and raising his head sighted along the barrel. At that moment his purpose was deadly and would have proved fatal, doubtless, to the nocturnal voyager, had it not been too dark for accurate aim. The delay occasioned by a vain endeavor to cover his object, gave opportunity for reflection. He began to fear that he was acting the part of an assassin. The whites were at war with the Indians, it was true; but did that fact justify him in lying in ambush and slaying one, who, to his knowledge, had done him personally no harm. If, as he believed, it was Trailseer, he had, on a certain time, showed himself friendly to simple Billy White. Should he repay him by speeding a bullet through his body? The rifle fell from his grasp; he felt powerless to harm the son of Alabamon. And how could he fulfil his mission to that chieftain after staining his hands in the blood of his daring son? The duty which he had undertaken forbade the act. He shrank, too, more and more, from the thought of slaying one who was unconscious of the presence of a foe. If he could meet this proud savage on shore hand to hand, on equal terms, he should like to play with him the hazardous game of life and death. This idea pleased and inflamed his chivalric nature. He sprang to his feet. Standing erect, and putting his hand to his mouth, he called to the Cherokee in a low, clear tone. The resonance of his voice fell tranquilly upon the waters.

"Trailseer!"

The Indian laid down his paddle and took up his gun.

"Son of the Cherokee! If you are not a coward, listen a moment to the white man, whose name and nation you hate."

"Who speaks? What lying bird of the night says 'coward!'"

The voice of Trailseer floated over the river like the suppressed yet defiant growl of the panther.

"One speaks who scorns a lie, and fears not the thunders of a boasting young chief, whose smooth cheeks proclaim him a boy and not a man!" returned the borderer, tauntingly.

"Hooh! I remember the voice of Cloudysky. It is as the voice of a maiden; it has no power to startle an enemy or to carry terror to the soul of a warrior. Go home and put on the attire of a woman!"

"We will see, anon, who is a woman and who is a warrior. Your life has this night been in my power. I could have sent the braggart spirit of Trailseer to the far off lands where the souls of his people dwell. But I scorned to slay an unsuspecting enemy. My hand is not trained to strike in the dark like the treacherous Cherokee. I suffered you to live."

"Nushka! And is the soul of Cloudysky alone capable of foregoing vengeance? Whose fingers trembled on the handle of his hatchet when Cloudysky talked with the white girl on that night when the howl of the Chickasaw was terrible, and the knife and the tomahawk gleamed in the air? Who could have struck Cloudysky dead at the feet of Dove-Eye, the beautiful! Tell me: Is the soul of the red man inferior to the soul of the white? Go, and learn greatness of the race you despise."

"We but waste words, bold Trailseer. Put your canoe toward this shore, and upon yonder glade we will meet in mortal combat. The vanquished shall remain upon the field to fatten the wolf and the prairie dog, and the vanquisher will go his way."

Trailseer was silent a moment.

"And why should I trust your word? When has the Indian trusted the white man, and not been deceived? Your people are near. Look! I see yonder a thin thread of smoke curling through the tops of the trees. Is the Cherokee a fool that he should throw his life away as if it were as worthless as a worn out garment? Ah! even the son of the forest grows wise with the experience of years. Memory jogs his elbow, and the ghosts of betrayed warriors warn him to discretion."

"Nay, hear me! I pledge my solemn word that no hand but mine shall be lifted against you, and then only when you shall have said 'I am ready. Strike!' Is it enough, O, wary son of Alabamon?"

"And wherefore should I fight you? What pleasure will you have in my death, or what joy shall I have in yours? Another drop only will be added to the great ocean of invisible life. A few more atoms of dust will return again to its native dust. What will this matter? Who will be better off? Who will breathe easier and step lighter? Who will feel that he has more room on the wide earth?"

"There is a note of eternal truth in what you have just said," the borderer answered, in a tone much milder. "I see that the red man has a soul capable of thought; but methinks his morals are drawn at a strange moment. I had hoped to move the stern heart of the warrior only, not of the moralist."

"Proud white man! you change my mood—you goad me to anger! Could the Great Spirit make a man without a soul? Does the color of the skin change the attributes of the mind? Your taunt brings back the warrior blood of the Cherokee. He did but test your nature with the offer of a natural thought which visits, at seasons, the most warlike bosom. Let the Master of Life give me another half hour of existence, and I will meet you breast to breast and strength to strength. You shall feel the power of my arm; and a faint-hearted squaw is he who cries out for mercy."

CHAPTER XV.

A CAPTIVE.

Trailseer turned the canoe toward the spot where the borderer was standing; it leaped toward him under the angry strokes of the Cherokee. The hero-spirit was mighty within him. The light paddle bent and writhed in his stern grasp.

The borderer awaited him calmly. The vessel touched the bank. The Indian sprang out and drew it after him.

"It will be safe there—*should you want it?*" said Lockwood, significantly.

"Do not boast, Cloudysky! The Master of Life only knows who will fall. I know your thoughts. I know why my life makes you miserable. I know it well. Nushka! I knew I could call the red blood to your face. The memory of the white girl is upon you. Think of her, think of her well—it may be the last time she will dwell in your imagination. Ha—ha! I feel the blood of my fathers. A strong spirit is stirring within me. Cloudysky, I will give you time to sing your death-song, and to look a farewell to the rising moon!"

"Yonder—farther down the river!" said the borderer, and then added, pointing back to the spot where he had left his companions. "My friends are there. We will go beyond their hearing."

Trailseer hesitated.

"I will lead the way—follow. I fear not a blow from behind," said the borderer, with a sneer.

"Trailseer was never afraid," quoth the Cherokee; and not to be outdone in magnanimity, waved Lockwood back and preceded him without apparent doubt or misgiving.

"Strangeness of beings!" exclaimed the borderer. "Singular blending of greatness of soul with barbarity."

"The ways of the different races of men are different. I follow the voice of my nature, and the pale-face follows the voice of his. To the white man was given the love of gold, and to the red the love of forests. Let the first go back over the big water where gold is coined and leave the latter to the quiet enjoyment of his forests."

"That cannot be. This land is large enough for both races."

"'Tis false, Cloudysky! There never was yet a country wide enough for both the red and white nations. That country does not exist, nor can it be found beneath the sun!" retorted Trailseer, energetically.

"This is no time to combat a prejudice so deeply seated in the minds of your people. Here is the glade I spoke of."

The Cherokee paused and cast a searching look around.

"'Tis a fitting place," he said. "On one side are the forests that delight my eyes, on the other the gliding Kain-tuck-kee. I have hunted there, I have fished yonder. Cloudysky, it cannot be known to you how the Indian loves his country. His hunting grounds are glorious to his eyes. White man, his heart will break when he is driven away. He reveres the graves where repose in peaceful slumber the ashes of his fathers. The ancient mounds are sacred spots. Our old men have said there is no other such land in the world. It *was* and *is* our own. This teeming country has given us life. We owe it the very blood in our veins, and we will give it back before we will leave it. Yes, Cloudysky, this earth is our mother, and we will return again to her bosom rather than retreat before the rifle and axe of the white robbers. Cloudysky, Trailseer is ready."

The Cherokee threw down his gun, and planting himself firmly before the borderer, drew his knife from its sheath.

"I will not hurry you. I will give you time to chant your death-song, according to the custom of warriors," returned Lockwood, placing his rifle upon the ground, and depositing his powder-horn and ball-pouch beside it.

Trailseer laughed derisively.

"There will be time enough for that when your knife has searched out some fatal spot!"

"I strike but once," returned the borderer; "and that blow cuts short the death-song. It was this right arm, O son of Alabamon, that laid Eagleplume low."

"'Tis false! Eagleplume lives."

"It is true that he lives, but I conquered him. To him Trailseer is as a boy, or as the slender willow to the full grown oak."

Lockwood grasped the handle of his knife and looked sternly at his antagonist, whose comely face was now aglow and whose eyes were flashing for the fight.

"Should the Master of Life give you the victory," said Lockwood, "cast my body into yonder waters. My rifle will well repay the trouble."

"And should it be the will of the Great Monedo that the soul of Trailseer should be recalled to the fountain whence it flowed, place my body against a tree, with my face toward the lodges of my people."

The Cherokee hesitated an instant and then added, in a lower tone:

"And tell the pale-face girl, that Trailseer will await her in the eternal hunting-grounds of the red man."

The concluding request fell upon the borderer's ears like a blow. It half unnerved his arm and affected him for a moment like a deadly sickness. What was Judith to this young brave of the race of the Cherokee?

"Your hour has surely come!" exclaimed Lockwood, huskily, as the blood came back to his cheeks and the strength to his arm. He warily approached his adversary and was about to commence the combat when Trailseer drew back.

"Hold! I scent the war-paint of the Chickasaw. Cloudysky, we are surrounded. I see the swaying of bushes and hear the sound of moccasons upon the leaves."

"Then our duel ends; but should we escape we will meet again. I pledge my word to meet you when and where you will," replied Lockwood.

A warrior will not lie. You shall have your wish before many moons have passed. You shall feel the arm of Trailseer, who is not a woman that he should fear to fight. Cloudysky, look to yourself—the cunning Chickasaw is near."

The Cherokee seized his gun and ran toward the river. The borderer caught up his rifle and followed, but had run but a few yards before he was felled by a blow upon the back of his head. He knew no more of what immediately transpired. Multitudes of starry atoms flashed before his eyes, which, vanishing as suddenly as they came, gave place to a dull and dizzy darkness that has its mystic dwelling just outside the world of active consciousness. A troubled incubus held him in its power until near morning. He opened his eyes upon a small fire beside which a solitary savage was sitting, dozing and dreaming. At this presentment he stared vacantly for some time without sensing its import. As his perceptions became more coherent and rational, he was aware that other figures were in the background, sleeping beneath the light of the moon.

A feeling of bodily discomfort called his slowly returning consciousness to a consideration of his own person. He found himself lying upon the earth, with his limbs lashed to four saplings which grew conveniently near for such a purpose. The rigor of this confinement gave him considerable pain, his position being unnatural, and the cords drawn unnecessarily tight. He began to realize what had befallen him, and was conscious that he was a prisoner.

As his inquiring visuals wandered about the circumference of the fire, they fell upon two long and slender objects lying at a short distance from his feet, stretching across the parallel of his body at right angles. While he was querying what these could be, a slight groan came from that direction, and at the same time the mysterious objects moved somewhat.

"Those should be Long Bill's legs," thought the borderer. Wishing to put the matter beyond doubt, he asked, in a low voice:

"Who is there?"

"All three of us," was the response that presently came.

"Are Nolan and Neverfail taken, also?" Lockwood asked.

"Certainly not; but my legs and I is taken, and no mistake! It's as true as figgers, and figgers you know is refmetic."

"Why didn't you run for it?" interrogated the borderer.

"Didn't I? But as it happened, I straddled right in among about fifteen hundred of 'em, and in spite of all our kickin' was tooken at last, but not till we'd killed nigh to twenty of the pesky heathen. But the most valiantest person can be overpowered by numbers. We must all give up when we're knocked down and dragged out. They fought desprit. If you want the facks, I should say that one of the varmints struck me thirty times on the head with a pine knot afore I fell. It was a job to git me down, I tell you. When I'd been brung to the earth by repeated blows, it took seventeen of 'em to tie me. My legs was the last to knock under; it took a powerful lot of strings to hold 'em. But it's all over! We'll be roasted in the morning, as sure as figgers. It's a mier'ble way of dyin', and the thoughts of it makes me feel sick at the stomich. I never could bear the fire; it never agreed with my flesh. It'll hurt me like blazes; I know 'twill, and I don't want nobody to go for to say it wont. I shall holler as soon as never it touches me, and I don't keer who hears me or whose head it makes ache. I can't think of nothin' but white pine splinters. They'll stick about three thousan' of 'em in my flesh. Guns and pistils!"

"Whatever our fate may be, we must endeavor to bear up like men."

"Jes' so! There'll be need to *bear up*, for they'll *bear down* hard enough, you may depend. Wish some of 'em would 'dopt me. But I s'pose these confounded trotters would work agin me in that partic'lar. Somethin' *allers* works agin me in one way or another. My mother worked agnin me, I think, afore I see the light. Sometimes I'm sorry I ever did see the light. But I couldn't *help* seein' it. I'll be obleeged to any person that would tell me how I could a helped seein' it?"

Long Piper paused to give somebody opportunity to attempt to solve this knotty problem.

"Of matters of this nature we scarcely have a right to complain," the borderer remarked:

"We've a right to complain if it's a comfort to us. I'd no business to been. Nobody and nothin' had any business to been. All ought to been a blank, 'thout any life or feelin' or sufferin'. That's what ought a been. Now, ye see, I've got to be burnt, jes' in consequence of there bein' somethin' when there hadn't ought to been nothin' but nothin'. These is facks which I mean to stick to."

"Don't be down-hearted! Things may not be so bad as you imagine. A chance of escape may offer, or our friends may come to our rescue. Are you bound fast?"

"So fast that my tongue is the only member I can move. At the least calculation, there's a hundered fathom of rope tied to my legs. I'm wound up like a spool of thread, only a pesky sight tighter," said Piper, mournfully.

"Well, try and tranquillize your mind so as to be prepared for the worst—if the worst should come," advised Lockwood, seriously.

"Come now! Don't! How can I tranquillize myself the whole length 'tween now and breakfast time? I wish you wouldn't go on in that way."

"I referred to your mind, my friend," returned the borderer.

"What can I do with my mind when it's tied up in this fashion? My mind's in my mortal buddy, isn't it? My buddy's tied, isn't it? Then in consequence my mind is tied, too. These is facks; what can you do with 'em? You can't do nothin' with 'em only stick to 'em, like a fly to fresh venison."

"Make an effort to extricate yourself. You may be bound less tightly than you imagine?" suggested Lockwood.

"You don't expect that I should lay here on my back like a mud turtle if I could git up, do ye? I've pulled one arm and then I've pulled 'tother; and I've pulled one leg and then I've pulled 'tother; but I might as well have tugged at a cable. Nothin' in the human shape was ever so fast as I am at the present date. If you should ever meet any of my family—the Pipers live in South Car'liny—tell 'em I was tied, or I would have come home."

The Indian who watched by the fire, not liking to hear so much talking from his prisoners, poked poor Piper in the ribs with the handle of his tomahawk with such violence that he feared to resume the conversation, and the two captives remained silent till morning, meditating upon their misfortunes.

At dawn their captors were astir. They were relieved from their painful position and hurried away into the depths of the forest; while extraordinary efforts were made by the Chickasaws to render their trail utterly impracticable—a difficult achievement, as the prisoners did not feel particularly interested in favoring this design, trying by an affectation of awkwardness and inadvertency to thwart it.

The successful party consisted of sixteen warriors; and they reached the nearest Chickasaw village at the expiration of three days. Piper stood the march very well, though he complained bitterly of the trouble of the night, and dwelt much on the horrors of captivity and torture, visions of which were constantly before him. Nor were his forebodings unfounded. A council was held, on the night of their arrival at the village, to decide the fate of the captives. Long Bill was adjudged to the terrible death he had anticipated; but Lockwood was kept for farther consideration and debate.

The unfortunate young man saw the preparations for the final scene going on with more fortitude than the borderer had expected to see him exhibit. Compelled to witness these fearful preliminaries, the feelings of Lockwood may be imagined. He would have spoken words of comfort to Piper could he have seen the faintest glimmering of hope.

"To essay to speak words of consolation under circumstances so dreadful, would, I am sure, be but a mockery of your situation. I can only say, be firm and trust that it will soon be over. Although I am not now destined to share your pains, my turn will come soon, I doubt not," he said, addressing his downcast companion in affliction.

"Figgers themselves couldn't be no truer! It's well meant and I take it kindly. It's a good 'eal harder for me than 'tis for other folks, because firs is pisen to my flesh. If it wasn't pisen to my flesh, I shouldn't mind it. I know I shall die hollerin' and screamin' like mad. You'll think all the bulls of Bashan are let loose. My legs has done it. But it's no time to recriminate and talk at random. The worst has come, and I must stan' it, willin' or otherwise."

Here he paused, as if overcome by forebodings of his anticipated doom. Presently, he resumed:

"This awful fack sticks to me like a burr. It presses me down and overpowers me; I've had no rest for it these three days gone. A terrible thing is this shadow of death, fallin' darkly afore me. But I'll do my best to keep my courage up, though I'm confident it'll be impossible—fire is so pisen to my flesh. Why, bless your soul, I never could bear the flame of a taller candle without howlin'. A coal no bigger than a pea fallin' on my head from the old woman's pipe made me turn a summerset and screech out like bedlam. 'Taint fair, you see, to take a feller with sich a constitution and build a fire round him large enough to bile a camp kittle. Then, I've hearn tell they've a cussed, unagreeable habit of pokin' live splinters into a person's skin. Guns and pistils! If my hands was free I'd fight! O, they're goin' to fasten me to the stake!"

Piper was ordered to rise, and partly by threats and partly by force was gotten to the place where he was to pass the dire ordeal of fire. He kicked and struggled at every step, using at the same time various touching forms of objurgation.

"Good savages! Gentle redskins! Noble critters! Let me off! Fire is a rank pisen to my flesh!"

He was secured to the fatal stake, and while the fagots were being arranged around him, continued his appeals.

"I'm yer friend. I allers was yer friend. I'm most redskin myself. My mother was a natural squaw—and so was my father. Wont burn and torter your relations, will ye? Facks, these be, true as the eternal laws of refmetic. O, you magnanimous critters! Wont some of ye 'dopt me? Don't somebody want a useful, intelligent and affectionate son? Famous copperskins, 'dopt me! I'm a medicine man—I'm a manito—a witch—a wizard—a prophet—an Ingin god. Save me, and I'll be a blessin' to ye! I'll make war on the whites and kill about a thousan' every day—by the multiplication-table. I'll give ye a hundered thousan' muskets for my life, fifteen hundered pieces of cannon, two ox-carts full of gold, eighty barrels of whiskey, fifty ton of powder, a thousan' hosses and the rest in skulpin' knives and lookin' glasses."

A squaw much bent with age at this crisis ran through the circle of warriors, and casting her withered arms about Piper, cried out in a piping voice:

"This is my son! He shall take the place of my son that was slain on the war-path of the Chickasaws. I am alone. I have no one to hunt and provide game for my sustenance. Give me this young man for my son."

"Jes' so!" responded Long Bill. "How'd do, mother? Bless your old soul! I's afeard you wouldn't come, and fire's dreadful pisen to my flesh. Jes' cut these strings and things, and I'll take my gun and run right out and kill ye somethin'. You must be hungry, I know. Lost your son! Poor old dear! How ye must feel. I know I shall be proper fond of ye. Guns and pistils!"

The arguments of the old woman prevailed. Piper was freed from his unpleasant position, and on the following day preparations were made for his formal adoption—a happy change of affairs that was inexpressibly welcome to him.

"I'll do as I said," he protested, as he proceeded to resume his garments. "The hundered thousan' muskets, the fifteen hundered cannon, the two ox-loads of gold, the eighty barrels of whiskey, the two thousan' hosses, the fifty ton of powder, and the rest in skulpin' knives and lookin'-glasses shall be brung right into the village soon's I can send word to Congress. I'm one of ye, and I'll look after your interests. I shall go on the war-path, and my explites 'll be dangerous to the cussed pale-faces! Jes' so—by the multiplication-table. Lor', what an escape! Lockwood, I'm like one riz from the dead! This crooked old savage is my mother. It's equal to figgers, and figgers is refmetic, you know."

In the course of time Bill's adoption took place, with all the ceremonies and solemnities considered fitting to the occasion, and soon after he accompanied his new parent to another village.

The borderer's fate remained undecided. The chiefs could not agree in regard to the doom he merited, and a month elapsed with but little change in his condition. His captivity was particularly irksome; rendered so not by the asperity of his confinement, but by the impatience he felt to discharge his mission to the Cherokee country. Suspense, too, in relation to his final disposition was another thing that embittered the cup of his misadventures.

He was lying one night upon the ground, bound as usual, when he saw an Indian approaching him cautiously. While querying what his purpose could be, he advanced to his side, and standing erect and motionless, looked at him attentively and in silence. This nocturnal visitor was tall and bony in physical configuration, and the borderer did not remember of having seen his face before. He had suspicions that the object of this visit was not friendly, and awaited the denouement with much anxiety. If his purpose was hostile he could carry it to its consummation without difficulty, for he was too effectually secured to make any resistance.

The tall savage drew his knife from his belt.

"My hour has come!" thought Lockwood, and breathing a prayer for himself and Judith, he closed his eyes, with the conviction strong upon him that he should never open them again upon earthly things. He felt the touch of steel upon his wrists and then upon his limbs.

"I am Neverfail, and this is Sureheath!" said a voice, in a whisper.

The borderer sprang to his feet. It was the voice of Neverfail that had recalled him to life; and the dark outlines of Sureheath greeted his eyes like a trusty friend. Surprise held him as in a spell, and the hope of liberty swelled his veins with glad expectation. He could not utter the slightest whisper that ever left human lips. He embraced the forester in silence; and while his strong arms were about him he saw a smile of beaming satisfaction pass over his usually stern visage; it irradiated his countenance—it gave his plain face an indescribable beauty. Lockwood felt that he had a friend. After days of painful captivity this consciousness was fraught with ineffable pleasure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LILLIE HOLBROOK.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"I WILL never marry a woman with red hair," said Aubrey Kinnard.

"Take care what you say, Aubrey," said his cousin, Margaret Ashton. "All these resolutions invariably end in doing the very thing protested against. I would not be afraid to stake a considerable sum, that you will marry a red-haired woman, after all."

"Not if she was as handsome as an angel, and as good as you are, Maggie!"

"Thank you, for writing me down good, instead of handsome, Aubrey—and there are not many ladies who would thank you for it either; so I suppose it is another proof of my goodness. But your compliment does not prove your assertion, and your assertion does not prove the fact; and my opinion is, that you will marry one whom I have in my mind now, although you have never seen her."

"And pray who may that be, Maggie?"

"My particular friend, Lillie Holbrook. She is coming to make me a visit, and I defy you to resist her, red-haired though she be."

"I defy *her!* Seriously, Mag, it is an objection I never could get over."

"Well, give me your word that you must be engaged to any one till you have seen Lillie?"

"Very readily. I have no thoughts of giving up my freedom yet." And the good-natured, indolent fellow threw himself into a luxurious chair, and with his feet in another, he proceeded to smoke his fragrant Havana, in lazy forgetfulness of everything else.

"What do you live for, Aubrey?" asked his cousin, as she watched his placid countenance.

"To tease you, Maggie."

"Nay, you cannot do that, Aubrey, because I care so little for your talk. But I am really anxious about your state. Young, rich, not particularly good-looking! but passably so; with nothing to employ your time after two o'clock, and no incentive to active and healthful toil for the mind or body—at least no visible incentive—I am afraid you are passing away this season of youth almost too lavishly, and that by-and-by, when age comes, you will have no resources against it."

"What can I do, Maggie?"

"Read—for one thing. Those vile cigars stupify your brain, when you ought to be storing it with knowledge. You have talents, Aubrey, but you will not use them; and I believe the best wish for you from those who love you, would be that you should lose your property, and your present situation in the bank, and become dependent on your own invention for support."

"Thank you, dear! Your wish is very benevolent; but I cannot say that I respond to it."

"Very likely, and yet I believe your character would increase in value a thousand fold. Life has been too easy to you, Aubrey. You have never known the 'uses of adversity'—your spirit needs uplifting, and it can never be uplifted, while these indulgences of life lie so thickly around you. You have never mastered a difficulty—never earned an enjoyment."

Margaret was right. Aubrey Kinnard needed discipline—the discipline of sorrow or of poverty, to bring out his interior resources. He had talents, but they lay dormant, because there was no outward necessity for their use. He had not genius—for that will always make itself known—but he really had talents, only that he did not see why he should trouble himself with application to any pursuit, when fortune had saved him the anxiety of providing for the future.

He had benevolence—that transient, sympathetic benevolence which cannot bear to look upon apparent suffering—but he had not that deep and wide-spread feeling which prompts to acts of self-sacrifice, and which *seeks* for objects on which to expend its energies. That was the benevolence which Margaret Ashton would have encouraged. Aubrey had seemed to her as a brother. His father's house had been her home from childhood, and as he had no sister, he came to think of Margaret in that light. She, too, was rich in her own right. She was richer, too, in a strong and active mind, a firm will, a steady, inflexible sense of right, and an active and self-denying benevolence.

Lillie Holbrook was her dearest friend, and she had often wished that Aubrey could know her. She was just such a woman as he ought to marry, and although averse to match making in general, she determined in this particular case, to throw them if possible into each other's society.

Aubrey was out of town for a few days, and when he returned, it was to find Miss Holbrook fairly installed for a long visit. She was all, and more than all, that Margaret had so often painted to him, but alas! she had the obnoxious colored hair! True, it was long and soft and glossy, and hung in rich curls on her neck and shoulders, and in all other respects she was a lovely and attractive girl; but he never—no never, could get over that objection, he told Margaret. He begged her not to talk of him to her friend, for he could fulfil no hopes that she might raise.

"Aubrey! Lillie Holbrook would never marry a man who was so indolent and purposeless as yourself. She told me so herself."

"Then you have already talked me over. Was that kind or delicate, Maggie?"

"Don't be so hasty, Aubrey. You have never been mentioned in any way; but we often converse upon preferences, and the very character which you possess, was this morning unconsciously described by Lillie, and her opinion given."

Aubrey was piqued and fretful—and as it was a rare mood for him to be in, Margaret rather enjoyed it. She did not irritate him by words, but she looked all that she felt, and he saw that she was thinking of his life, so unworthy as he knew she thought it.

At that moment, it made him unjust to both Margaret and her friend; although he could not but acknowledge, when his temper cooled, that they were so different to the common class of young ladies. Those with whom he had been acquainted, had flattered, rather than found fault with him, and he found a pleasant variety, from the sweets with which he had been too often cloyed, in this independent lady who dared pick flaws in characters which no doubt, she compared to his. At any rate, it made him resolve to cultivate her acquaintance more fully. But how should he do it? Lolling in his cousin's room all the afternoon hours, while they sat at work, would not, it seemed, recommend him to those utilitarian ladies. What exploit should he attempt? He applied to Margaret, but she could not mark out any path for him. He must think for himself.

There was a long time, in which he forsook his usual seat in Margaret's room. Sayings that dropped from her, and harder still, from her friend, bore such a reproachful bearing upon the indolence and uselessness of his life, that he felt displeased and irritable.

"A good sign!" said Lillie. "Your cousin will be something yet! I knew there was good metal there, if you could but strike the right spot."

She had been talking to him of the grandeur of a life devoted to the interests of humanity, self sacrificing, active, fearless of rebuke. She painted the glory of such a life, as compared with one given up to merely selfish enjoyment or inactive indolence. He applied all her sayings to himself, and was vexed with himself and with her, while he could not but acknowledge that he deserved it, when his life was so aimless. He could not but own that his chief purpose was to live for his own enjoyment—not mental enjoyment—but purely the enjoyment of the senses.

And now in his few and transient visits to his cousin's room, where the two sat in conclave, he laughingly told them, upon his faults, he began to feel that Lillie Holbrook was a woman whom a man might both love and reverence; love, for her beauty and genuine kindness of heart, and reverence for her noble independence of mere show and fashion.

"Is not Lillie's hair darker since she came here?" he asked Margaret, one morning, when, for a great wonder, he found his cousin alone.

"Much the same as usual, I think," said Margaret. "Quite red, isn't it? And what a pity it is, when she is so handsome otherwise."

"It does not strike me as being so very red, Maggie. At least it is not the color which I dislike so much. It seems to me that it is of that shade called amber by the poets."

"No, Aubrey, poor Lillie's hair is decidedly red, and *she* calls it so. She does not like it any better than you do—but she is too wise a girl to quarrel with nature about the shade of her hair."

It was all in vain. Aubrey grew deeper and deeper in love with Lillie, and one day, he made a desperate offer of his heart and hand, and was refused! Kindly and gently, it is true, but decidedly. And she was the only woman to whom he had spoken those words, and she, too, had the very obnoxious hair, and had refused him!

He was absent after this for some time. Even his father and mother did not know where he was gone, and Margaret was quite uneasy. Lillie never disclosed to her friend what had passed between them; nor did Margaret suspect, when he returned, haggard and miserable, that her friend was the cause.

Aubrey had other causes too, of trouble. A clerk in the bank with which he was connected, was suspected of wrong. Aubrey had not left town as they supposed, but was watching him, unsuspected, night and day, and yet the man escaped him. The embezzlement covered the whole amount of Aubrey's property; and when he arose the next morning, he was a beggar! Much of his father's property was in the same connection, and of his, barely enough was left to secure the old people against the chances of poverty. Fortunately, Margaret's fortune was invested elsewhere. Such was the news which he had to communicate; and he suffered severely in doing so.

The next morning the bank declared its failure. The embezzlement was only one of a series of enormous frauds, practised by this clerk, and an accomplice, in which they were successful enough to escape detection, until it was too late.

"Where are you going, Aubrey?" said Margaret, one morning, a week after this affair, as she saw him come down stairs with his cloak on his arm and his valise in hand.

"I sail in the next steamer to California, cousin. I am going to New York this afternoon."

"And never told me until now, Aubrey! I would not have thought it of you."

"I could not bear to talk about my resolution, Margaret, especially as it was the first one that I ever made in regard to business. I have not yet told my mother."

"Poor aunt! how will she bear it?"

"Poorly enough, at first, but she will get reconciled at last. It was no use to prolong her suffering, so I am going away, and shall then write her just before I sail. I must not have her tears shake my purpose, as I fear they will, if I tell her now."

"And is this to be our good-by?" said Margaret, as her cousin pressed her hand. "And do you say nothing to Lillie?"

"Where is she?"

"In the drawing room, alone."

Aubrey made a movement forward as if he would have gone in, but he came back to Margaret, and charged her with a simple farewell. "I shall return in a year, Maggie. Take good care of my mother, and write me every mail."

He was gone before she had recovered her surprise.

How lonely seemed the house without Aubrey! Lillie, too, was about departing, and urged Margaret to accompany her; but she would not leave Mrs. Kinnard alone. Margaret was ever self-sacrificing, and she remembered Aubrey's words. So she staid, and Lillie departed, with the promise of another visit soon.

Aubrey's first letter was calm and composed. He was looking round for something to retrieve his fallen fortunes. The next told of his success; and still another of discouragement. He had been very ill, but had now recovered.

Margaret noticed that ever after he had written one of despondency, he followed it up quickly with one of strong and hopeful cheer. There was an evident growth in his mind, which she rejoiced to think was genuine and progressive. Lillie came again, and the letters were duly shown to her. She read them quietly, without comment.

"You seem quite indifferent about Aubrey, Lillie," said Margaret. "I hoped you would be more interested."

Lillie colored violently.

"Why, Lillie! there is some mystery here, with which I am not to be made acquainted, it seems."

"No mystery at all, Margaret. Aubrey wanted to marry me, when he was rich and prosperous, and *indolent*. I refused *that* Aubrey—but here is another Aubrey, who writes these letters, and who seems to be altogether of a different character. He is poor and struggling, it seems, for a living—but I tell you, Margaret, *this* Aubrey would have a different answer from me now."

Margaret sat speechless with wonder. She had not dreamed of it before. She sat so long without speaking or raising her eyes, that Lillie began to think that she was offended, but her bright and satisfied look, when she did look up, was sufficient.

"Just what I always wished, Lillie, and yet I am vexed that neither of you told me before."

"What was the use, when nothing was to come of it, Maggie? Of course, Aubrey would not trumpet his own refusal, and you would hardly expect me to boast of his offer."

"Right, Lillie, I see I was foolish to expect it;" but still Margaret puzzled her brain about Aubrey's offering himself to Lillie. Had he not always disdained red hair, and Lillie's was indisputably red.

Another letter from Aubrey! and Lillie was as anxious to hear it as Maggie was to read it.

"Where do you think I am at this moment, Cousin Margaret? At the mines, where for the last fortnight, I have been hard at work, digging. I am writing you on the leaf of a book, which I brought with me, to register my days' work. I have been successful beyond my most sanguine hopes. I work hard, sleep hard, and our eating is of the very *hardest* description; yet I am perfectly well, and you would be astonished to see me. I have expanded from a small man to a large one. Bone and sinew seem to have enlarged, and I breathe so easy here! Not a single cigar has profaned the lips which you kissed at parting. Maggie, I did not tell you that I offered myself to your friend, and that she refused me with a sublime indifference that was anything but complimentary. Well—I did! notwithstanding that I did not like her hair! But she is a noble girl—and when I return—who knows if I may not meet with better success with her. I know that she despised me for my indolent life. I wish she was here now to admire me, as I take the lead in our hard enterprise here.

"I wear a hunting-shirt and trowsers of a coarse, strong material; a leathern belt, in which is my knife. With this I cut all my food, holding bread, meat, etc., in my left hand. Boots of soles two inches thick, or nearly that, adorn my lower limbs, and a hat of almost fabulous size covers my head. Nothing superfluous—no cravat, suspender, vest, coat or stockings fetter me. I have a blanket, which I throw down on the grass, sometimes on a rock, and sleep so soundly! Life is worth something here. Sometimes, I think I shall never go back—but I yearn for home and friends—for Cousin Maggie, dear girl! and for Lillie—she *shall* love me when I go home. I am worthy of her now. I feel that I am worthy now of the love of woman. No wonder that she did not love such an effeminate, selfish fellow as I have been. You see now, Maggie, I am carrying out what you said of me. You encouraged me, when you said that I had talents. I am thankful for all the help you have been to me. If women only knew their influence, and would direct it aright, we men would be all the better. Now for hard work a few months longer, and then—for Lillie!"

"You may write him all that I said to you about him, Margaret, if you wish. I have no objection."

And Margaret wrote; and soon Lillie received a letter from him, and with it came a picture, taken in his miner's dress; and which, had they not known that it was taken for Aubrey, would have been perfectly undistinguishable. Were that flowing hair—that immense beard, and those broad shoulders, the adjuncts of the small, delicate-looking youth, whose white hand rivalled a lady's, and who never lifted any burden heavier than his cloak, before he went away?

Do you want to know if Aubrey returned and married Lillie? Of course he did. Did you ever know any one to have a fixed purpose in anything and not carry it out? And Margaret—*she* is not married yet, for how could the two families get along without her? She lives to counsel, to aid and support their courage and strength in the great battle of life. She still loves an arch jest at Aubrey about red hair; but he declares that Lillie's is not red, and that her jests fall powerless. Still, she can well perceive that he is daily examining that of his little Margaret, to see if it will be darker then her mother's.

"I hope it will, Aubrey," Margaret says maliciously—"for it is an 'objection you never *could* get over,' you know."

THE GIPSEY'S PROPHECY.

It was in the year 1822 that I visited the prisons of Rome. Among the unfortunate creatures brought hither by distress or guilt, I observed in the corner of a dungeon a young female seated on a handful of straw, nursing her infant. Her complexion was swarthy, and in her large, black eyes glowed the fire of the sun of Italy. The relics of her apparel indicated that previous to her imprisonment she had worn the garb of a Roman peasant. Her expressive physiognomy and her bold look seemed calculated to excite curiosity. I approached, and begged her to relate to me through what misfortune she found herself in this place of horror.

"St. Francis!" exclaimed she; "what interest can the narrative of my extraordinary misfortune have for free and happy people? My name is Maria Grazia. My mother lost her life in giving birth to me. My father, devoted to his own pleasures and caring but little about my education, placed me, while yet very young, in a convent. The older I grew, the more irksome this kind of life became to me; for my inclinations, my disposition, and the vivacity of my character, all seemed to urge me on to a futurity full of trouble.

"A circumstance, which I never could account for, had a powerful influence upon my fate. On some particular occasion, a gipsey-woman was admitted into the convent for our amusement. All the sisters were allowed to hold their ears to the tin speaking trumpet of the old sibyl, who moreover gave to each of us a slip of paper, on which was written what the old hag termed the decree of Heaven. Thrice did I go up to her for the purpose of enjoying the like favor, and thrice the oracle became mute. This refusal of the old woman excited partly my anger and partly my curiosity. I begged, I entreated, I wept; at length, the gipsey was moved by my tears.

"'You insist upon it, unhappy girl,' said she, 'well then, know that you will be the wife of a robber, who will murder your father, and that your hair will turn gray in a dungeon.'

"At the age of fifteen such predictions make no very deep impression. I laughed heartily on the subject with my companions, and loaded the old prophetess with ridicule. At night, however, when I was alone, my mind became, against my will, a prey to apprehensions. I passed the hours in anxiety and painful revery, the prediction of the fortune-teller incessantly haunted my waking dreams.

"My father took me out of the convent, but only to shut me up again with an old housekeeper at his country-seat, about five miles from Rome. One night the weather was very tempestuous. I could not sleep. I fancied that I heard a sound of voices under my window, which looked into the garden. I awoke my *Ajia*, who never went to bed without her weapon, which was a large carving-knife. Presently we heard the outer window-shutter broken open. We concealed ourselves behind the curtain; I had armed myself with the knife. A pane of the window was cut, and a hand was protruded through the aperture to unfasten the catch which secured it. I seized the opportunity and struck so effective a blow that the hand fell at my feet. A sigh of agony and the sound of footsteps succeeded, and then all was quiet again.

"At daybreak I repaired to Rome, where I related my adventure to my father; he admired my courage, and permitted me to leave the lonely villa. He was by this time thinking of marrying me, and even hoped that my adventure, which was soon rumored abroad, would forward his design.

"Among my suitors there was a young cavalier, the beauty of whose handsome features was heightened by a delicate paleness. He gave himself out for a Florentine, and carried his arm in a sling, in consequence, as it was said, of a slight wound which he had received in an affair of honor. His kind attentions and amiable manners soon made a deep impression upon me. He solicited my hand. My father, with his usual levity, gave his consent, and we were united.

"The day after our marriage my husband was no longer the tender lover; his looks were wild, his voice was harsh, and his smile sarcastic. Distressed at this melancholy change, I asked with tears, after the cause of it.

"'Would you know who I am?' cried he. 'I'll tell you recollect that night when you cut off the hand of an unknown person who would have penetrated into your chamber? Well, that hand was—mine. Look here.' His mutilated arm but too strongly confirmed his story. 'I had seen you,' he continued, 'and was captivated by your beauty. I determined to carry you off. With two of my comrades I ventured to climb up to your chamber window. From the reception which you gave me we inferred that you had men to protect you. I retired, but learned the next day, that to you alone I owed the loss of my hand. Shame and rage at being thus baffled by a girl of sixteen awakened within me thoughts of revenge. I came under an assumed name to Rome; my friends, my artifices, my gold, accomplished the rest. You are now the wife of a—robber.'

"At this word a feeling of horror seized my soul; nevertheless, whether it was owing to the flexibility of my disposition, to the prediction of the gipsey, to that secret fondness for romantic adventures to which the heart often but too willingly resigns itself, or finally to the hope of bringing back, by the power of love, a stray soul, dwelling in a yet youthful body, to the track of virtue; in short, I threw myself at the feet of my husband, and implored him with tears not to cast me from him, for I would never cease to love him. Moved by my tears and my resignation, he clasped me to his bosom, and for three years I was, or imagined that I was, happy.

"One evening, however, he returned home pale and perturbed, his garments torn and spotted with blood. In broken sentences he told me that he had been obliged to defend his life against assassins, and charged me to observe the profoundest silence respecting this mysterious occurrence. I could not help trembling, but not for him; my soul was shaken by melancholy forebodings of a different kind. I terrified me—I awoke. At the husband also was startled out of convulsed lips several times the name of my father—the recent gloomy prophecy enveloped my ness. O, my unhappy father more wretched husband! The tually attacked the latter, having apprised of the real state of t circus of withdrawing me from connection. The agents of just search of us, and we escaped the mountains.

"There my husband bethou former comrades. He sought t ered them, and a cavern of be my dwelling. His companions with joy; but he had violated on which forbids any of the membe to marry, and enacts, that if a fall into their hands, she shall be to the captain. No sooner he eyes on me than he rudely insis His daring hand had already gr a ball from my husband's pist wretch on the ground. Dislike the band, his fall was a signal f from his comrades, who unanim husband their leader.

"So completely was I possess spirit which must have betray looks to the gipsey at the gate that I was quite proud of my tion. I now wrapped myself in biliments of a peasant, of which cover me, and with equal coura accompanied my husband in Towns and villages rang with h at length overtook him. He f with the horsemen who were sen had discovered our retreat. when I saw my husband drop, in a cavern for my infant; th and dragged to this dungeon, w with horror the fulfilment of th that fearful prediction."

Such was the narrative of M. widow of the bandit chief. In ation I offered her some pieces refused them, at the same tim child, which had fallen asleep at

[Written for The Flag of ou

SEVENTEEN.

A Birthday Melody for "Hatt

BY WILLIE E. PARSO

Seventeen!
Witching time for merry mai
As she wanders o'er life's g
With the flowers of pleasure is

Seventeen!
Spring time, of golden o
Hope of it alone is queen,
With but fancy to defend her

Seventeen!
Angels, guard her in her beau
Let your white wings luter
Should her young heart stray

Seventeen!
Tide of life the vernal season
When the trembling heart w
More to fancy—less to reason.

Seventeen!
When the young heart has n
And the hopes of life are n
Running to some sweet-toned

Seventeen!
Hattie's years that for have w
Gladness on a brow serene,
And a heart by woe unsullie

Seventeen!
And we wish her in her beauty
Of some brave heart to be u
With true love the line of du

[Written for The Flag of ou

THE DRUNKARD'S
—OR,—
POISONING A H

BY EMMA CAR

"If you ever take another gl
this house, Nelson," said his wi
it shall contain poison; for I ha
ard's wife long enough, and
quick the world is rid of me."

"Not if they despatch you f
with a rope, Kitty?"

"No, not if they despatch me
with a rope; for I repeat with
tired of being a drunkard's wife
the streets but there seems to be
me more fatal than the one God
Cain. I hear it whispered fr
corner, 'there goes a drunka
then our children are pointed at
of a sot! Let me try as hard a
them clothed and sent regularly
meet with nothing but jeers and
for the last ten years, have been
brutal appetite. So now I war
that I will endure it no longe
another bottle of brandy in that
wards attempt to drink of it, y
I am desperate, nor care how s
life close, if there is to be no en
habits."

And the wife's cheek was alm
and there was an unnatural ex
eye which made her husband qu
wild glance; but he tried to las
sober now, and he wished to
pleasant until it suited his pur
again and spoiled what rightly
family, to enrich the ruinseller
known him too long to indulge
that kindness would bring about
with a determined air, she made
caused her husband to quail, the
appear jovial and unconcerned
had a piercing eye, and with
she read his thoughts; but she
swerve from what she had spok

forebodings of a different kind. A horrid dream terrified me—I awoke. At the same time my husband also was startled out of his sleep—his convulsed lips several times pronounced the name of my father—the recollection of that gloomy prophecy enveloped my senses in darkness. O, my unhappy father! O, my still more wretched husband! The former had actually attacked the latter, having probably been apprised of the real state of the case, and desirous of withdrawing me from so disgraceful a connection. The agents of justice were soon in search of us, and we escaped with difficulty to the mountains.

"There my husband bethought himself of his former comrades. He sought them out, discovered them, and a cavern of banditti was now my dwelling. His companions welcomed him with joy; but he had violated one of their laws, which forbids any of the members of the band to marry, and enacts, that if a woman should fall into their hands, she shall belong exclusively to the captain. No sooner had the latter set eyes on me than he rudely insisted on his right. His daring hand had already grasped me, when a ball from my husband's pistol extended the wretch on the ground. Disliked as he was by the band, his fall was a signal for a shout of joy from his comrades, who unanimously elected my husband their leader.

"So completely was I possessed by that wild spirit which must have betrayed itself in my looks to the gipsey at the gate of the nunnery, that I was quite proud of my husband's elevation. I now wrapped myself in the coarse habiliments of a peasant, of which these rags still cover me, and with equal courage and pleasure accompanied my husband in his expeditions. Towns and villages rang with his exploits; fate at length overtook him. He fell in a conflict with the horsemen who were sent against us and had discovered our retreat. At the moment when I saw my husband drop, I sought shelter in a cavern for my infant; there I was seized and dragged to this dungeon, where I anticipate with horror the fulfilment of the latter part of that fearful prediction."

Such was the narrative of Maria Gracia, the widow of the bandit chief. In pity for her situation I offered her some pieces of gold, but she refused them, at the same time caressing her child, which had fallen asleep at her bosom.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SEVENTEEN.

A Birthday Melody for "HATTIE HAYDEN."

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Seventeen!
Witching time for merry maiden.
As she wanders o'er life's green,
With the flowers of pleasure laden.

Seventeen!
Spring-time this, of girlish splendor;
Hope of it alone is queen,
With but fancy to defend her.

Seventeen!
Angels, guard her in her beauty!
Let your white wings intervene,
Should her young heart stray from duty.

Seventeen!
This of life the vernal season,
When the trusting heart will lean
More to fancy—less to reason.

Seventeen!
When the young heart has some Idol,
And the hopes of life are seen
Running to some sweet-toned Idyl.

Seventeen!
Hattie's years thus far have written
Gladness on a brow serene,
And a heart by woe unsmitten.

Seventeen!
And we wish her in her beauty
Of some brave heart to be queen,
With true love the line of duty.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE:
—OR,—
POISONING A HUSBAND!

BY EMMA CARRA.

"IF you ever take another glass of brandy in this house, Nelson," said his wife, "believe me, it shall contain poison; for I have lived a drunkard's wife long enough, and I care not how quick the world is rid of me."

"Not if they despatch me from a platform with a rope, Kitty!"

"No, not if they despatch me from a platform with a rope; for I repeat with emphasis, I am tired of being a drunkard's wife. I cannot walk the streets but there seems to be a mark set upon me more fatal than the one God caused to afflict Cain. I hear it whispered from almost every corner, 'there goes a drunkard's wife!' and then our children are pointed at as the children of a sot! Let me try as hard as I may to keep them clothed and sent regularly to school, they meet with nothing but jeers and scoffs; while I, for the last ten years, have been a victim to your brutal appetite. So now I warn you in season that I will endure it no longer. If you place another bottle of brandy in that closet, and afterwards attempt to drink of it, you shall die! for I am desperate, nor care how soon the scenes of life close, if there is to be no end to your bestial habits."

And the wife's cheek was almost ghastly pale, and there was an unnatural expression in her eye which made her husband quail beneath her wild glance; but he tried to laugh—for he was sober now, and he wished to make his home pleasant until it suited his purpose to go out again and spend what rightly belonged to his family, to enrich the rumseller. The wife had known him too long to indulge the delusive hope that kindness would bring about his reform; so, with a determined air, she made the threat that caused her husband to quail, though he tried to appear jovial and unconcerned. But the wife had a piercing eye, and with one keen glance she read his thoughts; but she did not falter or swerve from what she had spoken.

"O, Kitty, you wouldn't poison your husband, would you?" continued he, with a shade of anxiety on his face.

"Ask me no more questions," said the wife, with no smile on her lips; "you have heard what I said and now wait to see the issue."

"O come, Kitty—don't be so hard with me; you know, after all, I am the best friend you have, and that I love you and the children."

"Yes, but you love the bottle better than either, Nelson, and I have borne with meekness too many hard words from you—ay, even blows in your heats of intoxication, to expect now that I shall ever have a pleasant home again. When you are sober for a few hours, as you are now, your intellect is covered with such a mist that you are the Nelson Brewer that I married years ago no longer; so I cannot transfer to you the love which I bore him when the flush of youth was on my cheek, for you are a drunkard, and do not merit the love of a wife and children. When you lifted the cup so often to your lips, his spirit left your bloated body, and since that time my life has been worse than widowhood, though for my children's sake, and that they might have bread—though at times scantily fed—I have remained in your miserable home, and sometimes, when in a hopeful mood, I have thought perchance you might reform; but I have given it all up now! Hope has fled, and I see nought but the alms-house, and a drunkard's grave in the future."

Mr. Brewer made no further remarks. He sat in silence a little while, looking out into the narrow court, seeing his pale, meagre children playing with the children of the neighborhood—as miserable as themselves—and a sigh half escaped him; but he tried to smother it, and in a few moments inquired of his wife if she would soon have supper ready.

"There is not an ounce of food in the house," said the wife, with a mournful air.

"Well, it sha'n't be so long, Kitty," returned the husband, pleasantly. And as he arose and went out, he stopped on his way and encircled his wife's neck with his arm, and playfully gave her a kiss.

The wife for the moment forgot her serious mood, but ere she could give a response, he darted through the outer door and was gone. With a heavy sigh, she resumed her needle and listened to the voices of the children as they came in at the open window; nor did she expect to see her husband again till he came reeling in, as usual, at a late hour of the night. But scarcely half an hour passed ere she heard his footsteps in the entry, and in another moment he entered, bearing in his hands sufficient food, when cooked, to provide a comfortable supper. Mrs. Brewer did not utter any exclamation of joy at what she saw; she only arose quickly, put away her sewing, and went about preparing the meal. And when it was ready, it was eaten in silence by the parents; but the children could not restrain their joy, nor did their mother chide them for their manifestations of delight as their father reached them cake after cake, and served them liberally.

"Kiss me, Kitty," said the husband, pleasantly, as he arose from the table and passing around to where she was sitting, presented his cheek near her lips.

The wife was silent for a moment, and there seemed to be a struggle going on in her bosom, for a tear was in her eye and a changing expression on her face; but in an instant more, they passed away, and looking sternly into her husband's face, she said:

"No, Nelson, I will never kiss a drunkard's cheek again."

"I am not drunk now, Kitty."

"Well, keep sober long enough to give me confidence that you will reform permanently, and then perhaps I may feel some of the tenderness for you I felt in other days, but not now should I wish to bestow a caress on you." And Mrs. Brewer pushed her chair from the table, while her husband turned away and went out.

"Don't be cross to father," said the eldest born, a beautiful child of twelve years, "for he has not been drinking to-day. And see what a nice supper he bought for us! So speak pleasant to him, and maybe he wont drink any more."

The mother drew her child nearer, and lifting the heavy chestnut curls that clustered around her neck and occasionally shaded her face, whispered in her ear something that pleased the child; and she broke out into a hearty laugh, which brought others of the group to their side with loud protestations that they, too, must have whispered in their ears that which made their sister Mary laugh. So Mrs. Brewer again pressed her lips to listening ears, but her words brought no merriment, although they seemed to satisfy the children.

Mrs. Brewer now resumed her needle, for it was by her industry and superior skill with it that her children were kept in as comfortable a condition as they were, while attending school, as her husband had long since lost all pride in the appearance of his family. The little Mary now cleared the table, and placed the coarse, scant furniture in order around the room, and then she, too, took her needle and seated herself beside her mother, and with an expression half merry and half in fear, said:

"And do you really intend to do so, mother?"

"I do, child; but hush! you must not speak so loud, for your brothers and sisters might hear, and they are not old enough yet to trust with important secrets."

Mary drew nearer her mother's side, and together they talked and sewed—the latter on garments for the family, and the other toiled on cheap slop work that she might obtain a pair of shop-worn shoes for the next Sabbath's wear, at an exorbitant price, now lying on the shopman's shelves.

And then when the sun withdrew for the night, and an artificial light was needed, the drunkard's children sought their humble beds, while the wife and mother waited at the window in darkness to listen for the coming of him she wished, yet dreaded, to see; for she knew not whether his footsteps would be steady. She heard the city clock strike nine, ten, and then eleven, and her heart grew faint, for every moment seemed to bring the time nearer when she would see her husband reeling in, and hear the fearful oaths that would come from his lips, and in imagination she felt his heavy hand fall with ponderous weight on her defenceless shoulders—heard the children, as in times gone by, when awakened at midnight, shrieking with fear, and then pass the night in sleepless misery. And now distant footsteps echoed up the street and neared the door, and the latch was lifted. It was he! Nelson Brewer stood within his little kitchen and with kind words inquired of his wife why she sat so late and waited.

"That I might know if the bottle had been filled," answered the wife with firmness.

"And do you indeed, Kitty, mean to put poison in that bottle if I bring it home filled?"

"I do, Nelson;" and the same look of determination accompanied her words.

"Well," said the husband, "there it is empty;" and he drew from his outside pocket a large black bottle and turned the bottom upward. "But I can get drink and will; so you might as well be peaceable and let me bring it home and drink it, or I shall reel through the streets after I have drank it elsewhere."

"No matter," said the wife, sternly, "you cannot always evade me, and when you feel the death pangs shooting through your veins, you will remember my words." And she arose and went to her room.

Mr. Brewer took the seat his wife left at the window, and with the cool night breeze blowing on his heated brow, his mind went back to former years when she first became the sharer of his home—how beautiful she looked when he brought her from the homestead away up among the trees and flowers, and what a happy prospect was his the first year or two of his married life—for his business was prosperous and his Kitty proved to be all that he thought she was, faithful, loving and prudent. But temptation came, and he had yielded in spite of the tears and entreaties of her he had promised to love, cherish and protect—notwithstanding that the little flock which increased around him needed his active exertions to make them what society required; and he contrasted those first years of manhood with the last few of his life. What changes seemed to have been wrought in everything!—in his wife's love and in people's respect towards him—and he began to believe now, what had been hinted to him by a neighbor, that his wife was growing insane, for she seemed so strange—so different from her former self, that he felt frightened at her threat, and felt, too, that her determined manner was proof sufficient that she meant what she said. So as the drunkard sat and thought, ills seemed to thicken, in his imagination at least, till with a troubled brow he arose, closed the window, and sought his pillow.

Mrs. Brewer was sleeping, and the husband tried to sleep too; but he could not, for he remembered even in his dreams the fearful threat of poisoning made by his wife, and he saw over again with mental exaggeration her wild expression and pale cheeks as she spoke, and he resolved that he would drink no more, but try to soothe her mind and restore it to its former state.

And the next day came and Mr. Brewer was sober, and the empty bottle stood in the cupboard untouched. A week went by and then a month or more, and still Mr. Brewer shunned his former haunts and went daily to his shop, and now his wife began to have hope that the fetters that once bound her husband were broken, and there would be no more misery in their home; so the old smile of other days came back again, and when he playfully caressed her, she did not turn coldly away, but spoke words of encouragement even stronger than she felt, and pictured happy days in the future. Her manner pleased her husband, for it rid him of his care for her intellect; but with ease of mind came longing after old companions, and once more he fell.

The contrast to the wife was dreadful, as he again reeled into his home, but there was no renewal of the former conversation about poisoning. And thus several weeks went by, when Mr. Brewer, forgetting his wife's threat and his former fears, staggered into his miserable home with a well-filled bottle secreted in his pocket. Going slyly to the closet, he pushed it far back on the upper shelf, and then crept along to his room and laid his head on his pillow to take a drunkard's troubled sleep. Though Mrs. Brewer did not apparently look up from her work, she noticed every movement of her husband. But she made no remark; and when he was gone, she told Mary to put the younger children to bed, for she had business out. Then wrapping a shawl around her shoulders, she sought the street.

The children were soundly sleeping when Mrs. Brewer returned. Even Mary, who was left as housekeeper, had leaned her head back in the rocking-chair and closed her eyes, and when her mother awoke her, she sprang suddenly up, and with a wild expression inquired if she had been to get the poison.

"Go to bed, child," said the mother, "for it is late." And Mary, with a bewildered air, obeyed.

When Mary had retired, her mother took from her pocket a folded paper, and taking the bottle from the shelf, poured the contents of the paper—a powder—into the liquid within, and replaced it in the corner. The next morning she aroused the children early, and after due preparation told them to go to the Common and play till school-time, and then from there go to the schoolhouse.

Mr. Brewer's potations seemed to have been deeper than usual the previous night, for he did not waken from his lethargic sleep until after the school-bell sounded, when with a fevered and misty brain he crawled from his bed and half staggered into his comfortless kitchen. There was no one present; so going to the cupboard, he espied, standing as he had left it, the dark bottle in the corner apparently untouched. His burning thirst was too intense now to remember anything but that the means to gratify his appetite was before him; he did not even notice the sediment in the bottom, nor the peculiar taste that lingered in his mouth after the liquid was swallowed. And now that thirst was quenched, he again with unsteady step sought the old-fashioned bed room back of the kitchen, and when he had once more pressed his pillow, he tried to sleep; but a peculiar sensation stole gently, at first, through his veins, that kept him wakeful, and then it gradually increased until pains began to shoot through his frame. The threat of Mrs. Brewer was uttered so long ago, and in her frenzied hours, that the husband had ceased to think of it; but now, as his pains increased and he could not account for them, the previous threat shot through his mind, and with a loud groan, he tried to raise himself from the bed; but his head was dizzy, and he fell heavily back, loudly calling on the name of his wife.

In an instant, the door that led from the kitchen was thrown furiously open, and Mrs. Brewer, with blanched cheeks and dishevelled hair, entered.

"Did you call me, Nelson?" said the wife, wildly.

"I did call you," replied he, slowly. "O, Kitty! what have you done?"

"What I said I would do—and now you must die! Ha, ha, ha! You have cursed the earth long enough."

Large drops of cold perspiration stood on the invalid's face, and his features were so distorted that none could have recognized in him the inebriate of yesterday, for the pallor of death was on his brow, and every limb was rigid. But Mrs. Brewer seemed to observe it all with joy, and gave vent to her feelings in a wild, idiotic laugh, while the husband, with failing strength, begged humbly, prayerfully, that she would hastily procure him an antidote for the poison, and he called on Him who alone has power to stay death to witness that he would never, *never* touch again that which would intoxicate.

"I believe you not," said the wife, "for you have promised me too often. I could save you even now, if I would, for I have an antidote; but I will not—you shall die!"

"Then I will save myself," half shrieked the husband, as with a convulsive movement he threw himself from the bed and tried to gain the outer door. But his wife sprang between him and it, and turning the key, she withdrew it and threw it out of a back window into the garden beyond. "Then I will leap from the window," said he, his voice growing fainter and fainter at every moment.

"*Never!*" shouted the wife, in a demoniac state; and she drew from beneath the small shawl that was thrown around her shoulders a pistol, and aimed it at his breast. "Dare take another step towards that window and I fire!" said she, assuming a determined attitude.

Mr. Brewer was overpowered! He felt that he had not courage to battle with death and a maniac; so sinking upon his knees, while his body was convulsed with pain, he offered up a prayer sincere and heartfelt that if he could but be once more restored to health no intoxicating drink should ever wet his lips again.

"If I could believe you!" said the wife, more calmly looking on.

"You may—you may!" he returned, almost gasping.

"Swear it again and again and kiss this book," continued the wife, "and then if I believe you I will save you; but if not, you have but a few moments more to live."

The husband grasped the worn Bible, and again and again repeated the oath, then sealed it with a kiss, and fell backward exhausted, fainting.

Mrs. Brewer stepped to the little closet and laid by the pistol; then returning, she raised his head from the floor and placed it on a pillow, and taking from her bosom a paper, she mixed the contents with water and held it to her husband's lips. With difficulty it was swallowed, and in a few moments after, Mr. Brewer commenced vomiting, and then his pains grew less.

Mrs. Brewer did not nurse her husband with tender care, but much the same as a maniac would nurse some favorite pet—anxious at times and then neglectful. But it was several weeks ere he ventured to go out from his home, for his wife acted so strangely that he feared she would do injury to herself or children—and well he knew if she had been sane, she would not have tried to poison him, even though he had been into the rumseller's shelf, and he

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SOLILOQUY OF MAJOR ANDRE.

BY MILDRED MONTROSE.

And must I die in early youth?
While life looks bright and fair to me?
To perish far from childhood's scenes,
Alone upon a gallows-tree?
And was it then for this I left
The comforts of my happy home,
And parted from those friends beloved,
For whose dear sakes I wished to roam?

My mother, in thy calm dark eye
How many bitter tears would swell,
Couldst thou but know the fate to-night,
Of one whom thou hast loved so well;
To me thou breath'dst in childhood's days,
Of hopes that death could not destroy;
Those teachings, mother, now shall be
The comforts of your dying boy.

My sister, in this trying hour
My memory swift will fly to thee;
Perchance within thy rustic bower
Thy prayers arise to Heaven for me;
But ere to-morrow's autumn sun
Shall gild the sparkling western wave,
His fading light shall fall upon
Thy brother's lone, dishonored grave.

But there is one, my heart will shrink
From bidding thee, beloved, farewell;
Too well I know what bitter pangs
Within that gentle heart will dwell.
The brilliant dream of fame and love,
For me, alas, must now be o'er;
My life's short path would brighter be,
Could I but clasp that form once more.

It may not be—I now must bid
To friends, to hope, to love adieu;
For death comes on with sweeping wing,
And shuts the future from my view.
Ambition's hopes must now be crushed,
Within my heart they cannot dwell;
My thoughts are of long-cherished friends—
Once more a long and last farewell.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

VASCO DE GAMA.

BY FRANCES F. PEPPERELL.

At the close of the fifteenth century, Genoa, once queen of the Indian commerce, was fast losing her supremacy, owing to the discoveries of the Portuguese in the Southern Ocean, and the transfer of trade by them to the cities on the coast of the North Sea. Thus Diaz, the discoverer of the southern point of Africa, was held up to the execration of the Genoese, and when Malabar was taken possession of, none but those who have experienced that hatred, most intense when kindled by avarice, can imagine the curses showered on the illustrious name of Vasco de Gama. Most virulent and yet most silent of the Genoese in abuse, was the rich, old merchant, Marino di Vinci, who, pulling down a close, black velvet cap over his silver-gray locks, would concentrate a whole tornado of rough-rolled r's into one word, and stalk angrily off; but that one word was an oration. Yet a populace seldom look at the species, and while maccaroni was plenty, this people thought nothing of the future, and felt but little the decline of their national grandeur.

The dwelling of the old merchant was built up on the very wharves; ware-house after ware-house (and some of them now closed and empty, so that every time he passed them he gnashed his teeth,) extended along, ending in a solid, stone erection, whose roots were washed by the bay, and whose narrow windows were frequently wet with the spray. Behind and on each side, the constant hubbub of commerce blithely clashed, but before it lay only the bay, with boundless waters flecked with white sails, and one long point of land running out cool and green into the sea.

Here, nourished from her childhood with no affluence of affection, for he had not loved her mother, had grown up into girlhood and beauty, his only child, Leonora. Her mother was from the hated northern climes—could he love too fondly the child whose loveliness combined the excellencies of both races, whose golden tresses and fair, lustrous skin of the North showed no less splendid than the dark, radiant eyes and haughty features of the South?

The Signor Marino di Vinci had that day completed a negotiation (through the agency of a foreigner to be sure, but, as he confessed, well-bred and noble,) which had enriched him many a scudi. His heart being warmed into a not unusual liberality, he pressed the stranger to receive his hospitality during his stay in Genoa. And thus with his guest he entered the light and lofty apartment looking out on the sea, where sat his daughter, and not thinking to present him, having indeed only imperfectly heard his name, he passed out for a moment.

A year before, Leonora had spent with an aunt in Spain, and it could hardly be supposed that a young girl should be so indifferent, as she had appeared, to all the lutists who waved their perfumed lovelocks under her lattice, unless one more successful had forestalled them. Be that as it may, she kept her own counsel, and if she treasured one form, one glance in secret, or trembled when her father rolled his r's over one name, no one perceived it, and she was still, for all that the world, save one, knew, as free as air.

Now, as the stranger entered, Leonora glanced up a moment and then glanced down, but in the two different glances volumes might be interpreted. The stranger had risen from his seat and approached her broidery frame; gently placing his hand before her work, he drew her head back, and kissed the smooth, white forehead.

"And then, Leonora!" he said, in Portuguese.

She sprang up, returned his kiss with a quick fervor, and then, glowing all over with joy and shame, as quickly turned away.

"No more, Leonora!"

But she held up her needle threateningly and resumed her seat; the stranger had just time to follow her example when the door opened and the old merchant again entered.

"Ah, I see, signor," said he, "that you and my daughter have already made recognition," and he plunged at once into a lively conversation with the handsome stranger, which the height of this part of the building above the adjacent noises made easy and pleasant, till luncheon entered. Doing the honors of her father's table with a graceful ease, Leonora listened enchanted to the wonderful tales of travel that poured from the guest's lips, as skilfully elicited by the politic and interested Signor di Vinci. There was nothing egotistical in the recital of these adventures; indeed, all the stranger told was clothed with so great modesty and quiet dignity, as to leave the impression that the half was not heard.

"Let me offer you this candied fruit, signor," said the merchant; "poor stuff, to have eaten the fruits of all climes just plucked from the bough, but invaluable here. See what a golden light is in the purple syrup! Think you the ambrosia was of more delicious perfume?"

"Not to be named with it!" answered the stranger, as seriously as his host. "It is besides peculiarly pleasant to me, as being the first produce of Asia that ever passed my lips."

"How so, may I ask?" pressed di Vinci.

"Ah, on an endless voyage, doubling the cape for the first time, on that day most sacred in the annals of Portugal, when taking possession of Malabar—"

"Malabar!" cried the merchant, his eyes sparkling over his angrily contracted face; "Portugal? You were then with that accursed Vasco de Gama?"

"Signor," said the stranger, rising and leaning one hand on his chair, "I *am* Vasco de Gama."

The amazement of the old man filled the room with a protracted silence. At last, without looking up, he breathed a deep sigh.

"And I have broken bread with you!" he said, between his teeth.

"And whom has it injured?"

"Me! Me and my people! Your expeditions have torn life by the bleeding roots from Genoa."

"It is in my power to restore what I took."

The old man looked keenly and craftily up.

"Ha!" said he, "such great things were never offered without reason. Not without an object did you put that barter in my hands this morning. I was a fool to believe in a disinterested man, and he of all others, a Portuguese. I see now! My pretty half-bred there has not lived a twelve-month on the Spanish frontier for naught. So we did not *finish* the bargain this morning. I must now perform *my* share. Well, signor, you want my daughter?"

If Vasco de Gama could have quailed, it would have been beneath the scorching glances of the merchant, but only drawing himself to his full height, he returned:

"I do. Will you give her to me?"

The old man laughed.

"Will you build up Genoa?"

"It were impossible."

"Ignoble boaster! Not a moment since you said you could restore her life."

"I said I could restore what I took. The argosies whose prows I turned northward I can turn again to the gulf of Genoa; but who will receive their costly bales of Arabian spices, Indian stuffs, Asian jewels? Who will load them with fresh merchandize, who steer them out of the dangerous Straits, who sell their freights left behind? You, Signor di Vinci, and some half-score others! But where are the thousands who made the grass-grown Rialto a swarming mart? Signor! my hulls would rot in your harbors. I could, I repeat, bring back what I took away, but what nature first took away—never! Your Genoese are rotting in idleness, blistering their souls out on hot pavements; they have neither energy, learning, skill nor strength; far rather begging or stealing than earning. Signor, people, not circumstances, make a place what it is. The trade left your ports because your people were so miserable. Hardy northern air and bracing industry came out to meet it, sailing into Antwerp and sister cities. I, as a Southerner, should have been glad to retain it in the Mediterranean, even despite the dangers of the Straits."

The old man's rage quivered in him till the table, on which he leaned, shook.

"Well, Signor Vasco de Gama," he replied, with a calm voice, nevertheless, "you shall not have my daughter! Now go your ways, sirrah! If in Genoa an hour from now, you shall swing higher than Haman!"

"My craft is at your walls, signor," returned his guest, "and it will not sail till the evening wind rises, some seven or eight hours hence. Be assured I shall not leave Genoa till then, or till I choose!" And kissing the hand of Leonora before her enraged father's eyes, he bowed himself out of the room.

Long they sat there, father and daughter, in the stately dining-hall; he with his head bowed in his hands. A servant entered with a dish of plums, whence Leonora adroitly drew a strip of written paper, from her lover.

A long, long time they sat there confronting each other, till the sunset reddened and darkened, and twilight began. The song of the stirring sailors without became audible—the rising wind rustling round the corners of the stone masonry, like a fine lady flirting her silks—the ordering tones of the officers—the weighing of the anchors below. The tall masts raked across the narrow windows; the vessel stood out to sea. And all this time despair had been settling on the heart of Leonora.

"You may go now!" said the father, without looking up, and with a slow, careless grace, though her heart was beating like a bird's. Leonora obeyed. It did not require a moment to hurry a change of garments into a package with her jewels, nor to run lightly down several narrow staircases, till, silently opening a great door, she stood on a stone platform that led down to the water, where two arms, tenderly enfolding, lifted her into a little boat; and still that old man sat by his table, moody and motionless. Suddenly a great shout rose from the harbor; he rose and went to the window. Even if the twilight had not sufficed, the great, yellow moon, rolling up opposite, shed sufficient light to illuminate the white mantle of his daughter, standing upon the deck of El Aguila, beside Vasco de Gama.

"Bound for Palermo," muttered the old man. "If I gallop day and night along the shore, I shall reach there first! Moreover, now I will make that journey across the desert to Damascus, concerning which I have so long thought, and taking her with me, she will be well out of his way."

No sooner said than done, and clattering over the stony road with the energy of youth, midnight found him many miles upon his journey. Days passed; the wind had not been the most prosperous in the world, and the trip was longer than usual, though not too long for the happy lovers with their prim duenna; thus, when the stately galleon rode up the harbor of Palermo, and a request was sent for a priest to await them at the church of Santa Croce, a strong body of soldiery suddenly surrounded the shore, as the lovers landed, and saying, "I am your priest, young man, and I forbid the bans!" old Marino di Vinci appeared, and bore off his daughter.

Vasco de Gama had already received orders to crowd all sail for Lisbon, thence to lead the fleet once more on its perilous way around the cape, there to storm the city of Goa, on the Malabar coast, which was once more in the hands of the insurgents. Thus it was equally impossible for him to stay, as to proceed. Moreover, the affair had spread, and among a romantic population, nothing was wanted to make him a hero, and so he retreated to El Aguila, but with the first shade of evening again stood on the shore. He had tasked his ingenuity to the utmost in order to discover the probable hiding-place of di Vinci, and now flattered himself with visions of success. Never in his life had he failed, and it would have been late to begin in that branch now, and before the next hour chimed, the priest of Santa Croce had performed the nuptial rites for them. A face surrounded with locks of gray hair peered in at the open church door one moment too late, the benediction had just been pronounced, and clinging fondly to one another, Vasco de Gama and his wife sought the galleon, and conducting her below he went on deck to superintend the sailing of the ship. A boat containing two persons put off from the shore, unseen, towards the ship; when it returned it held three.

Meantime a strong, fresh breeze had sprung up, accompanied with frequent squalls. The navigation was difficult, and unable to trust affairs to another, as they drove along with closed hatches, and feeling his treasure to be safe, Vasco de Gama did not go below again till long after sunrise, when the weather had cleared itself and they were met by two or three ships of his squadron. The place was empty. Leonora was not to be seen; neither drowned, nor dead, nor hidden, de Gama knew; her father had obtained possession of her, *how* he could not tell, unless the merchant were Satan himself; but do what the old man could, he could not help this; Leonora di Vinci was his wife! Return was impossible, with all the spies of his gathering fleet in sight; and trusting in that Providence which never fails those who *firmly* trust, Vasco de Gama sailed out of the Straits to Lisbon, and then down the southern seas.

A fortnight had passed; the polacca that carried the old merchant to Palermo was floating down the Nile from Cairo to Alexandria, and a small caravan was winding its pathless way across the desert, on its third day's route, while conducting di Vinci and his daughter to Damascus. The low growls of those greatly maligned animals the camels, as under the intensest heat they toiled along beneath their burdens, mingled with the sharp cries of the Arab drivers, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the desert. White, bleaching bones strewed here and there on the dazzling sand, the burning sky and distant purple mirages were the only sights that caught the sad eye of Leonora, as she swung along on the interminable, dizzy, torrid route, each step of which bore her further away from the magnet of her life. Now and then the polite voice of her father addressed her with mocking tenderness, and now and then, weary with grief, a moment's sleep refreshed her aching heart. Evening came at last, the parching air lost its fierce burning power, the sands grew cooler to the camels' feet, a gentle wind fanned the temples of the travellers. The tents were pitched around, the Arabs dispersed, and the evening meal prepared. Slowly night darkened over the firmament, and all the stars came out shining whitely upon the small, shifting sand-hills beneath. Slipping from beneath her tent, Leonora stole softly forth and wandered round at no great distance. The stillness enchanted her, as step by step she increased the space between herself and the caravan, watching the unknown stars of a southern hemisphere, now going back in her thoughts to the primeval times when all men dwelt in tents, and now wondering whither de Gama bent his conquering sail. At last, tired of this as of everything else, she turned; the tents were nowhere to be seen. Everything had vanished like a dream, and new sandhills with their fantastic phantasmagoria, white, deceptive and supernatural in the moonlight, shut her in, and excluded the little yellow flame of the fire over which she had left the forefheads of the dark Bedouins shining. There was no point by which to direct her course; she could tell neither north nor south; to advance either way might be equally dangerous. She called aloud; her voice fell dead and echoless in the silence; they would think it some jackall howling over a dead beast. She called again; better her father's caravan, hateful as it was, than this. Lost in the desert. Dreadful fate! They could not be at a great distance, but as well be in that new, western world.

At last, fixing a point in a large, red star before her, she climbed one of the little sandhills and gazed in that direction—all was vacant,—level expanses of desert and scattered groupings of mounds. Turning, she sought an opposite hill, taking care that this time the star should be behind her—all as before; in the other two directions, now, the star at the left on one, at the right on the other. Hope kindled in her bosom, she could not doubt of success, and ran forward gaily. Suddenly a low, half whistle struck her listening ear, the blow of a hoof almost smothered in sand, and leaping between the hills, a small, sinewy horse sprang down, whose Arab rider spurred him close beside her, and all in a flash, had placed his hands on her waist, swung her into the saddle, with a soft-toned Arabic exclamation, and was dashing through the desert again while holding her in a close grasp. At last, in answer to all her angry and vehement expostulations and entreaties, as she wrung her hands believing he could not understand her:

"Patience, lady, I implore," said he, in excellent Italian. "Cries are as unavailing as threats. Can you see me in the starlight? Confess that I am young and comely, that I am strong and brave. For what did I sail up the Nile with the white lily of Genoa? for what track her course three days—but to win her? Be silent! Sheikh Hassan has a right to the fairest bride that breathes!"

"You do not wish," said Leonora, thinking the gentlest course the best, "to make another man's wife, yours? Besides it is not lawful"

"Law!" he quoted. "What is law to me who am freer than air? And thou art no one's wife?"

"You are mistaken. I was married almost three weeks since at Palermo."

"Who is your husband?"

"Vasco de Gama."

"Are you jesting?"

"I am speaking the truth."

The Arab was silent. Still they rushed across the desert. At last, "It will make no difference," he said, lightly, "you are *mine* now."

"You do not dare," began Leonora.

"Ah, if you put it on my daring, lady—I dare anything."

"My husband will reward you for me nobly."

"Am I like other Arab chiefs, to be bought and sold? Thy husband is bound for Goa now by this time, I think?"

"How do you know?"

"Do you suppose I do not mark the course of my greatest enemy?"

"Enemy?" said she, looking up wonderingly.

"Ay, enemy! Truly I count him so, who, displacing our camels with his white-winged ships, turns the burdens that once they bore, into other routes, and robs our people of their heritage and occupation! And if not that indeed, is he not mine enemy who possesses what I covet? You, lady?"

"If you wish for my love, you woo in an odd way."

"The deserts are full of Arab women pining for love of me; it were singular could I not gain the love of one simple girl from Genoa."

"You cannot," answered Leonora, with a calm smile of confident hope.

An hour passed and no more words were spoken on either side during that time, till at last the silence was broken by Sheikh Hassan.

"Listen, lady. Goa is thousands of weary, desert miles away from us; thousands of weary, salt sea miles away from de Gama. We shall be there first by many days. Yet I will take thee there and await him. If he takes the city, I battling on the walls, thou art his; if he fails, mine! Such as thou art, are worth fighting for! And till then be no man's wife. I give thee freedom, which thou didst not have when I found thee!" And true to his plighted word the Arab placed her in a family of women and continued with them their ceaseless wanderings, slowly and slowlier approaching the south pole, till six months were over; then crossing the Himmaleh, they entered the regions of Brahma, and sailing down the Ganges, they skirted the coast and at last stood before Goa, whose bastions abutted far into the sea, and whose frowning walls rose a hundred feet above them. One word of the Sheikh Hassan, who seemed equally omnipotent over the whole continent, opened the gates, and a lofty tower upon the wall cool and pleasant received her. Frequently the Sheikh Hassan moved below in the city, as she saw from her broad, open balconies, frequently she heard his voice as he walked upon the wall, frequently his face flashed beside her while he murmured quick, low, impassioned words and was as instantly gone again. Dusky, mute Hindoo slaves attended her, aromatic incense overflowed her vases, costliest viands loaded her table, most delicate tissues were provided for her apparel, but all the crafty Arab's arts were in vain; her heart still turned to her heroic, Christian lover, and went back to those days when sitting in the cool shade of Spanish orange groves, he had first pressed his lips red and glowing upon hers, while his sunbronzed face, more noble in its manliness, more perfect in its beauty than this Arab's, bore the earnest impress of sincerity. Had she no constancy to prove? her love had no need of proving it, for never an instant was he, sailing now that weary pilgrimage over dangerous waters, distant from her thoughts. Perhaps the whirlwinds had wrecked him; the great deeps swallowed him up,—if he should never come?

But watching late and early, one midnight she saw a mast pass like a finger across the great disk of the late-rising moon, followed by another, till her heart told her it was the fleet at last; and with earliest dawn it formed into great lines of battle and floated stately and slowly up the gulf. And now began one of the greatest and most wonderful actions on record, when a fleet at the end of a weary voyage, in an untried climate, on an almost unknown shore, scantily fed, carrying more than half their force sick and exhausted, with no reinforcements to fall back upon, dared to attack a strong city in the open day, for death or victory. Why tell the details of that short and terrific struggle, when every day in these times, which should be so far removed from primitive barbarity, brings us similar recountals? Why tell of the fiery egress, bloody ingress, "shocks of doing and undoing?" Vasco de Gama never failed, and Goa fell. Repelling the swarming boats of the attacking natives, like a cloud of gnats, he entered the conquered city, constraining the insurgents at the point of the sword, and re-establishing the dominion of Portugal. During his work thoroughly, a week's time saw peace restored and every work in the city explored, save the tower where Sheikh Hassan had given Leonora a safe home. At length, examination came to that in its turn, and one day Vasco de Gama walked rapidly along the wall and entered the tower. Almost at the same moment Sheikh Hassan, holding a web of gossamer in his hand, appeared beside her, where she sat wondering what had become of her sailor, and forgetting he was ignorant of her whereabouts.

"Sheikh Hassan keeps his word!" said he, surveying her with his piercing eyes. "Thou goest to thy lover, but choose, lady, which that lover shall be—I or he?"

"Can you doubt? My husband is Vasco de Gama!"

He stood a moment, while his face was half sad and half passionate.

"Maiden! if those lips are henceforth," murmured he, "always for others, one instant they must be for me!" And before she could speak, bending forward he pressed his burning lips on hers, threw the veil over her head, took her hand and led her down. Vasco, walking swiftly in advance of his followers, astonished at such secret luxury, had entered alone the wide, lofty hall, where the wind, whenever any stirred, had full sweep from west to east, just as Sheikh Hassan with his veiled companion entered opposite.

"Hassan!" cried de Gama. "Have I tracked thee fruitlessly across vast wildernesses, to find thee here?"

"Thou art a brave man, de Gama!" returned the Arab, "and thy trail is seldom at fault, yet with all thy skill, I have that here of which thou hast never dreamed!" And lifting off the veil, Leonora stood confessed.

"Leonora! Leonora!"

"Vasco!"

And with his wife held fast in his arms, de Gama extended his hand to the Arab. But halfturning and bowing his head to the ground, the Arab, leaving the happy lovers, slid away to the wilderness of his native deserts.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

In a village, not a thousand miles from this city, there lives a quiet, unobtrusive young lawyer. A modest fellow is M—— (merit is always modest), but he knows his rights, "and knowing, dares maintain them." Like a great many others, he is "following the practice," and anticipates "a glorious time" when he overtakes it. Some time since, having been retained in some small cases, he made his appearance before that august dignitary, an Alabama Justice of the Peace. "His Honor" evidently lost faith in M—— at first sight; for one after another his cases "collapsed" under the "stunning" charges delivered by the court.

The law and the testimony were alike unavailing. M's cases were bound to go. At last,—— human nature could bear no more. M——, rising from his seat, delivered himself in his usual slow and measured manner—

"The court can fine me five dollars!"

"For what, Mr. M——?" said the justice, somewhat surprised.

"For contempt of court," coolly rejoined M. "I am not aware, Mr. M——," said the court, "of your having been guilty of anything that might be considered contempt."

"I know your honor is not aware of it," said M——, "but I *do* entertain a profound contempt for this court."—*Spirit of the Times.*

THE BOMBARDIER.

This is the name given to a species of beetle, known by its head and thorax being brick red, and its body of a bluish hue—when a person attempts to catch it he is surprised by a discharge resembling a pop-gun, accompanied with a sort of smoke, of which it is furnished with a sufficient quantity to fire off twenty shots in succession. If this chances to get into their eyes it will make them smart as if they had bathed them with brandy. Its chief enemy is a beetle, larger than itself, which hunts it without mercy. As it finds it impossible to escape by speed of foot, it stops short, and awaits its pursuer; but just as he is about to seize it, he is saluted with a discharge, and while he is for a moment stupified with surprise, the bombardier endeavors to gain a hiding-place! —*Natural History.*

News Glances.

Statue of General Warren.—The people of Roxbury are about erecting, by subscription a bronze statue of their illustrious townsman, the patriot General Warren. Ball Hughes, the sculptor, has modelled a statuette of the hero, which the Warren family are much pleased. And we are sure that if he is entrusted with the work, he will produce a statue which will give universal satisfaction.

Corset Manufactory.—A letter from Stuttgard, Wirtemberg, says:—"A novel branch of industry for this place is now in operation here, namely the fabrication of corsets, which occupies 1300 persons. The manufactory supplies annually 300,000 corsets, valued at from 500,000 to 600,000 florins."

Skeleton Found.—As some workmen were lately making an excavation on the farm of Mr. John Davenport near the Cambridge track, they discovered a human skeleton in an upright position. It proved to be the remains of the mortal part of a native American Indian, who departed this life many years ago.

Burglaries.—There have been many burglaries in Newark, N. J., lately. Householders should watch for the rascals and shoot them. The trouble is, a man never thinks of buying a revolver till his property has been embezzled. He doesn't get his Colt till he has lost his horse.

A Nose bitten.—A piece of the "nose" of Mansfield Mountain, Vt., computed to weigh one thousand tons, fell lately; only a few moments before this occurrence, Mr. White of Burlington, with his wife and daughter, had been standing upon it.

The American Sculptor.—Mr. Crawford, the sculptor, has gone back to Rome, Italy, which he is to make his permanent residence. His statue of Beethoven in our Music Hall, stamps him as a man of lofty ideal and executive talent.

Beginning young.—At a recent fair in Illinois, a female child of four years old, witched the assembled company with her remarkable horsegirlship. She rode fearlessly and gracefully.

Curious.—Brandy as well as tapioca—antipodal articles, is manufactured from the cassava root in the island of Reunion.

Installation.—Rev. Edward E. Hale was installed pastor of the South Congregational Church, Boston, on the 1st of October.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2.00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

TALENT AND SOCIETY.

There is certainly a great deal of humbug going on in the world, but of all the humbug extant, the humbug of would be fashionables in this country is the "most tolerable and not to be endured," as Dogberry says. Take the latest case and make what you will of it. A lady of New York, of great musical talent and accomplishment, has the misfortune to belong to a fashionable family. She goes abroad and marries the man of her heart with whom she returns to her native city. Pecuniary reverses follow, and the future looks dark. Now this lady bethinks herself that her gift of voice and her musical education may stand her in stead, and she resolves that the talent she has exercised for the pleasure of herself and friends, shall be exercised for the gratification of the public and her own profit. Thereupon a howl of indignation arises from a certain set. "What! sing in public for money! Atrocious! degrading! disgusting! What depravation of taste! What low ideas!" Indeed! pray what would these censors have? Would they have their *friend* live a shabby pensioner, a tide-waiter on Providence, deprived of the comforts to which she was educated, when the means of fame and fortune are in her grasp! We should like to know what degradation there is, in this, or in any country, in the exercise of talent for the public gratification and for a fair equivalent. Is the money earned by vocal abilities more contaminated, is it less honorably earned, than the money obtained by selling sugar and treacle, or shaving notes on 'change? We would go further. We could almost say that a person endowed with extraordinary talent ought to make it public. The man gifted with a tongue of fire ought not to confine his eloquence to the private circle. A painter possessed of the talent of Raphael should paint for the public, and not for his private amusement. The sculptor who can carve like Canova should place his works in the public view. The man who can write like Washington Irving should print like Washington Irving. And we should like to ask those dainty dames who tread Broadway in silks and satins whether they dress entirely for their mirrors and their friends, or whether public approbation is not taken into account when they patronize their milliners?

Our assumed squeamishness. It is out of place in the country and the age we live in. The lady we allude to has braved censure and carried her point, has sung in public, and has now a brilliant professional career before her. We cannot too strongly insist on the truth of the poet's maxim:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise."

Honor and shame spring from ourselves, and not from the circumstances that surround us. Who thinks less of that glorious woman, Jenny Lind, because she is a professional singer? It is only the drones of society who buzz spitefully about its working bees.

CHINESE WIT.

We have often had occasion to admire the wit and humor of the Celestials. Their proverbs and maxims are equal in wisdom to those of any nation. When the Chinese want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave, and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe." A coward, who boasts of his courage, they call "a paper tiger." They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not, to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger. If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—It has been discovered that Louis Napoleon's brain is softening. If it had been his heart, we should both wonder and rejoice This exemplary husband is said to be desperately in love with two ladies—the Countess Castiglione, and an English lady, named Neil, which may account for the permanent sadness on the brow of the fair empress.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.—Louis Napoleon is anxious to be on the best possible terms with the Emperor of Russia. He consulted the feelings of Alexander II. before he ventured to bestow the title of Duke of Malakoff on Marshal Pelissier. Louis's uncle was once on good terms with Alexander I., but it didn't last long.

HORRIBLE.—In Jewett & Co's window, lately, according to the "Post," was a portrait of a beautiful young lady, with this inscription: "One of thirty-six executed at the Mt. Vernon Ladies' School." The names of the victims have not yet transpired.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Within the last week nine marriages have been celebrated on board the Fifth Street Ferry Boat." We hope the parties will float along pleasantly through life.

SHAKSPERIAN.—The lady in Shaksperean who "never told her love," kept quiet, it is conjectured, because her lover had found it out, and there was no occasion to waste words about it.

MARK HIM.—The man that hates music and children's laughter is invariably an old bachelor, and, if rich, a miser.

LONGEVITY.

We know not whether statistics are more accurately reported than formerly, but it certainly strikes us that people are getting to live longer latterly than they used to. Have they got into a habit of not dying till very late in life? Instances of persons living to the age of one hundred are so common now-a-days that they scarcely excite remark as they are reported in the newspapers. Doubtless the prevalence of temperate habits has something to do with it. A person who leads a sober and regular life has of course a better chance to attain a good old age than one who lives in the opposite manner. But regular habits will not ensure longevity. In spite of irregularities, men have attained a very advanced age. The Westminster Review says:

"Longevity is an inheritance. Like talent, it may be cultivated; like talent, it may be perverted; but it exists independent of all cultivation, and no cultivation will create it. Some men have a talent for long life. M. Charles Lejeicourt published in 1842 his *Galerie des Centenaires*, in which may be read a curious list of examples proving the hereditary nature of longevity. In one page we have a day laborer dying at the age of 108, his father lived to 104, his grandfather to 108, and his daughter, then living, aged 130, whose father died at 124, and whose uncle at 113. But the most surprising of the cases cited by Lucas is that of Jean Golembiewski, a Pole, who, in 1846, was still living, aged 102, having been eighty years a common soldier, in thirty five campaigns under Napoleon, and having even survived the terrible Russian campaign, in spite of five wounds and a soldier's recklessness of life. His father died aged 121, and his grandfather 130."

A NATIONAL AIR.

The other day we heard a swarthy proprietor of a hand-organ grinding out "*Partant Pour la Syrie* (It was Danois the Young and Brave)," in front of our office. It is execrable stuff when well played, but when extorted from a ricketty, hoarse, wheezy, phthsicky organ, perfectly unendurable. Yet this wrenched twang, because it was composed by Queen Hortense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, is now the national air of France, and dinged into the ear of the Parisians in place of that glorious battle-hymn, the Marseillaise, which Lamartine called the "fire-water of the Revolution, which instilled into the sense and soul of the people the intoxication of battle." In the Crimean war, the French moved forward to attack the Malakoff under the influence of this organ-grinder's ditty. They were repulsed, and then demanded the Marseillaise. General Bosquet could not refuse them, and the music struck up the dearly-loved hymn. The result is a matter of history.

"Says Gortschakoff:
It's time to be off,
They're singing the Marseillaise."

Rushing forward under Bosquet and McMahon, the Zouaves, voltigeurs and soldiers of the line stormed the strongholds of the enemy. So much for having a splendid national air to play. Queen Hortense's sing-song may do very well for an attack on a hen-roost, but the "fire-water" of the Marseillaise alone can carry men victorious through fire and steel.

IMPERIAL TRAVELLING.

Louis Napoleon has carried railway luxury to its acme. He has ordered a splendid suit of five royal rail carriages for his own use. No. 1, a dining-room and saloon for the aides-de-camp, with a kitchen and dressing-room. No. 2, a kind of terrace, is all made of wrought iron, of beautiful workmanship. No. 3, the state carriage or reception saloon, is surmounted by the imperial crown. It is an ante-chamber, with folding sideboards for refreshments. No. 4, the bedroom, comprises a bedroom for the ladies of honor, bedroom for the emperor and empress, with a cradle for the prince imperial, dressing rooms, etc. No. 5 is a waiting-room for the servants, place for luggage, etc.

CORSETS.—Those articles of feminine wear, which are displayed in the shop-windows of our modistes so ostentatiously, are said to have been invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century as a torture for his wife. His intention was to take away her breath and keep her from talking. The punishment became so popular that the ladies adopted it in self-defence.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—About $35,000 have been contributed in New York city, to be appropriated to the erection of a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, the total cost of which will be about $200,000. Erecting monuments is coming to be quite the fashion, and it is a fashion that deserves encouragement.

ICE.—The Mobile Register remarks of this article: "Ice is no longer a luxury, but, breadlike, an article of primary necessity." We fancy, from present appearances, that we shall have no lack of ice this winter.

THE GALLANT INGRAHAM.—Captain Duncan N. Ingraham, who rescued Kosta from the clutches of the Austrians in the Bay of Smyrna, is now chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography.

YOUNG TO THE LAST.—The way to look youthful to the last of life is to cherish a kind, unenvious heart. It is a sure enemy of frowns and wrinkles.

CLIMBING.—A Mr. Stewart and friends lately went up to the top of Mount Ararat; but strange to say, they didn't find *any rat* there.

A-BRIDGING IT.—A new bridge, half a mile long, is to be built over the Potomac, at Washington, by the United States government.

VOCALISM.—A common fault of public singers is that their words are almost always unintelligible.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The Philadelphia School of Design for women is in successful operation.

O'Sullivan, a New York dog killer, died from the bite of a rabid dog, lately.

Hon. Mike Walsh returned a few weeks since from his European tour.

The silk crop of France is heavily deficient in quantity this year.

Kindness done with a will is a fortune left you by a friend.

They have had an earthquake at Memphis—or else an "ager shake."

Shatz says: "he wastes his time who teaches fishes to swim."

Bronze, the material of the Franklin statue, will last for ages.

The Mechanics' Fair this year eclipses its predecessors in brilliancy.

It is found that 536 persons die yearly of poison in Great Britain.

Tupper has written a poem on opium which puts everybody to sleep.

Occasional doses of cayenne, it is said, will prevent madness in dogs.

Miss Eliza Logan has bought one half of the People's Theatre, at St. Louis.

One of the editors of the London Times lately visited New York.

Humbug and nonsense are both necessities of the present age.

The American missionaries have translated "Pilgrim's Progress" into modern Greek.

Maurice Strakosch has bought a splendid house in 22d Street, New York.

Speculators in produce are talking about deficiency of crops, as usual.

A new British convict settlement is to be established in North Australia.

The Rajah of Rungpore is now in England—a rich East Indian dandy.

Col. John S. Williams, of Washington, has written a history of the Battle of Bladensburg.

Lord Palmerston has an eclesiastical patronage worth $75,000 a year.

The annual expenses of the United States government are $53,875,000.

It is said that a kiss can be managed handsomely in two seconds.

Smith O'Brien refuses all offers to place him in Parliament.

The Chinamen in Australia get rich on the diggers' leavings.

RAILROADS.

The railroad, with us—though you cannot go a mile in any direction without encountering one—is still a daily marvel. We cannot contemplate a train of cars in motion, drawn at almost lightning speed by a ponderous engine, without admiration of the manifestation of power and skill that it presents. Those wonderful inventions, the steam locomotive and the iron railway, are realizations—as Dr. Holmes suggested—of the fables of the Eastern story-tellers, in whose narratives palaces are peopled and transported from place to place at the bidding of a magician. There are 25,242 miles of railroad in this country, enough to encircle, in a continuous line, the entire globe. This is more than one half the length of railroad in the world, the total number of miles being estimated at 43,017. In 1828 there were only three miles of the "iron way" in the whole country. If this is not a proof of progress, we should like to see a stronger evidence produced. The iron horse is the great apostle of civilization in the nineteenth century. And, by the way, we read, the other day, of a marriage being celebrated in the cars. What next?

NAPOLEON THE GREAT.—Lamartine says of this wonderful human problem: "The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battlefield,—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire."

DINNER.—This meal is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens in to eat it, that is to say, any time from 12 M. to 4 or 5 P. M. This pleasant fact is known to all housekeepers. Husbands are always grumbling about want of punctuality.

GOLD.—The last letters from Santa Fe, New Mexico, confidently express the belief that gold in large quantities exists in a section about 450 miles from Santa Fe. A party of sixty men are engaged in "prospecting" in the new El Dorado.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK.—The real estate of Boston, this year, amounts to $148,374,300, and that of New York to $340,971,498. Personal estate of Boston this year, $105,946,800; that of New York, $172,967,782.

JOHN G. SAXE.—We regret to learn that this gentleman is suffering seriously from the effects of a recent shock of paralysis; we fear that he will not be able to fulfil his lectaring engagements this season.

MISS MARTINEAU.—Miss Harriet Martineau, the authoress, is stated to be in a very poor condition of health, and her demise may shortly be looked for.

ECONOMY—Spending half a dollar for cigars and cobblers, and refusing to take a newspaper, because "you can't afford it."

NEW YORK.—The number of voters in the Empire State, according to a statement in the census department, is 651,821.

CANINE SLAUGHTER.—Five thousand three hundred dogs were killed in three months in the city of New York.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL

DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Lost Heir: or, The Young American Soldier." A Tale of 1812. A highly interesting story of events during our last war with Great Britain. By Mrs. CAROLINE OAKS.

"Lundy's Lane," a poem by JAMES F. FITTS.

"A Tale of Retribution," by N. T. MUNROE.

"Lines on a Portrait of Washington," by H. WARD.

"The Pirate's Wife," a story by HELEN WILDE.

"The Stone at the Sepulchre," verses by W. A. POOR.

"The Old Flute Player," a tale by ANNE T. WIRICK.

"Where I would be," lines by Mrs. SARAH E. DAWES.

"Foolish Tom Horn," a humorous sketch by JOHN TROWBRIDGE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Armorial representation of the State of Wisconsin, with surroundings indicative of its history and present state.

View of the Triumphal Arch de L'Etoile, Paris.

Picture of the Throne Room of the Emperor of the French.

Views in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, giving a picture of Speed Market; St. Joseph's Infirmary; Bridge over Beargrass Creek; Louisville University; Marine Hospital, and a view from the corner of Green and Sixth Streets.

Portrait of Col. William H. Spooner, of the United States Hotel, Boston.

A picture representing the Arrival of a Burmese Envoy of Distinction at Calcutta.

A large engraving depicting equestrian portraits of Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, with his three brothers, the Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, a fine and truthful view of the imperial group.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ Copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

It is reported that the Czar is about to effect a full understanding in religious matters with the Pope.

It is reported that France wishes to purchase from Denmark a strip of the coast of Iceland for fishing stations.

The London Post, government organ, recommends the Hudson Bay territory as a seat of convict establishments.

Oude is reported tranquil. The British are negotiating a treaty with nominal chiefs on the northwest frontier.

The Western Powers have addressed a second note to Naples, in the same spirit as the former one, but in milder language.

In the question of the Sound Dues, France, adhering to the opinion of England, has pronounced in favor of the principle of purchase.

A new edict removes all quarantine restrictions from Bessarabia, Black Sea, and the Sea of Azof, until the close of navigation the present year.

Prussia is said to have notified an inclination to give up her claims on Neufchatel, in exchange for indemnity, of which European powers shall fix the amount.

It appears to be the common opinion in Paris that the French and English cabinets are at issue on several points, though no one supposes these differences can essentially affect the alliance.

Rumors are current that an exchange of colonies is negotiating between France and England —France to give up her factories on the main land of India in exchange for the island of Mauritius.

Frederick, Regent of Baden, who has been exercising the government, in consequence of the mental imbecility of his elder brother, has assumed the sovereignty on his own account, as Grand Duke, in preparatory to his marriage with the Princess of Prussia.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

To be pleased with oneself is the surest way of offending everybody else.

The great secrets of being courted are to shun others and seem delighted with yourself.

The streams that run most rapidly do not run most clearly; water purifies itself by flowing calmly.

There is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness.

In all countries, it is the feeling of the generality of the people, that courtesy, which is the essence of honor, obliges one to consult.

We know not our own characters till time teaches us self-knowledge. If we are wise, we may thank ourselves; if we are great, we must thank fortune.

Our conscience is as fire within us, our sins as the fuel; therefore, instead of warming, it will scorch us, unless the fuel be removed, or the heat of it be allayed by penitential tears.

More care is required to keep affection than to win it; and if we do not take care of the hearts that are now ours, we shall find ourselves in sad poverty when we count our jewels.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

To no kind of begging are people so averse, as to begging pardon; that is, when there is any serious ground for doing so. When there is none, this phrase is as soon taken in vain as other momentous words are upon light occasions.

It takes four things to make a thorough gentleman. You must be a gentleman in your principles, a gentleman in your tastes, a gentleman in your person, and a gentleman in your manners. No man who does not combine these qualities can be justly named the true gentleman.

Joker's Budget.

What isle do maids steer for? Isle of Man.

Where should gardeners go? Botany Bay.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistils.

Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and, unless she is unlike all other women, she will still want to conquer you.

A punster at the point of death being advised to eat a piece of pullet, declined, saying, he feared it might "*lay* on his stomach."

An eminent artist is about getting up "a panoramas of a lawsuit." It opens with the year one and closes with doomsday.

The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent of a house, has gone West and invented a patent point for cross-eyed needles.

The man at the corner has just seen a letter of a life-pill proprietor to one of his best customers, which was ominously signed, "Yours till death."

A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling *thie* is "though," *ate* "eight," and *bo* "beanz," the proper way of spelling potatoes is *pewghtheipheast*.

"What possessed you to marry that dowdy?" said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

A musician gave as a reason for leaving an orchestra, that he never was at rest among such *discordant* performers; the violinists were always getting into *scrapes*, and the trumpeters and drummers constantly coming to blows.

Quill and Scissors.

The diocese of Rhode Island has recently erected in Grace Church cemetery, Providence, a monument to the beloved and revered Bishop Henshaw. It is a square red stone shaft rising from a moulded base, and finished at the top with four gothic canopies, at whose intersection springs up a cross of exquisite cut. The Providence Journal says it is really a beautiful monument.

The Legislative Assembly of Victoria, Australia, having ordered a list of all the registered voters to be published in the local newspapers, the Melbourne Argus came out on four different days with forty-eight pages of double demy: the charge for the advertisement amounted to the sum of £10,000, or in the vicinity of $50,000.

The London Times, in speaking of the degeneracy of the pulpit, closes thus: "We ask for no polished periods, but simply for burning thoughts, couched in simple and homely phrase, such as those which, in other days, drew man from earth to heaven.

Molehills are curiously formed by an outer arch, impervious to rain, and an internal platform, with drains and covered ways, on which the pair and their young reside. The moles live on worms and roots, and can bury themselves in any soil in a few minutes.

Two lads, named Allen P. Jewett and William Wilkins, were caught in the act of throwing stones through the car windows at Waterbury, as a train was leaving town, and arrested. One of the stones, a large one, passed near a lady and cut her face.

The London Open Air Mission have two hundred and fifty services out of doors each Sabbath. The preachers are now gaining admittance to the "common lodging houses," and meet with great encouragement among the poor.

A French surgeon maintains that far-sighted or near-sighted persons may acquire the perfect power of vision by mere practice. He asserts this as the result of his own experience, and condemns the use of spectacles as injurious.

At the Horse Exhibition in Galesburg, Ill., on the 13th ult., Miss Prudence Swift took the first prize for equestrianism, a gold watch and coffee urn worth $150. Five other young ladies received the other premiums.

The old original charter, which was deposited in the trunk of the Charter Oak, has been inclosed in a frame of wood of the tree which preserved it one hundred and sixty-nine years ago.

"What a strange thing it is," remarked a Frenchman, after making the tour of the United States, "that you should have two hundred different religions and only one gravy!"

Advices from as far south as Clarksville, Tennessee, state that the tobacco crop in Tennessee and Kentucky has been seriously injured by recent frosts.

The number of sheep in the British Islands is estimated at 35,000,000, worth $250,000,000! producing 157,000,000 pounds of wool, worth $50,000,000, annually.

The receipts of wheat at Chicago are now about 80,000 bushels per day, and the total receipts of all kinds of grain amount to 1,000,000 bushels per week.

An hotel has just been erected in St. Paul, Minnesota, which, with its furniture, cost $150,000. It is called the "Fuller House."

Some $200,000 have already been contributed for the establishment in the South of a Theological Seminary for the Baptist denomination.

A clergyman in a neighboring city recently remarked that certain "events happened *simultaneously*, one after another, in a regular chain."

Mr. George Steers, of New York, the eminent ship-builder, was instantly killed, the other day, in consequence of being thrown from his carriage.

The Ohio River, at Cincinnati, is said to be lower than ever before known. Droves of cattle have been driven over at that point.

During the five months ending with May, *one hundred tons of gold* were shipped from Australia to London and Liverpool.

The wife of Sir Henry Holland, now travelling in the United States, is a daughter of the famous Sydney Smith.

It is said that the queen of England intends to make the Sultan a knight of the Order of the Garter.

The statement that Barilli Thorne was dead is untrue. She was lately singing in the cities of Peru.

Over three millions of hats are sold in the city of New York every year.

During the late Eastern war, 205 Russian vessels were captured or destroyed by the British.

There are about fifty-five thousand houses in the city of New York.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Huntington, Mr. James Dexter Martin to Miss Ianthe Waterman.

By Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. James Wright, Jr. to Miss [illegible] Lillie.

By Rev. Mr. Blakke, Mr. James Hawley to Miss Fanny Aiken.

By Rev. Dr. Adams, Mr. Edw. Ellerton Pratt to Miss Miriam Forster Chesle.

By Rt. Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Hales W. Suter, Esq. to Miss H. Emily Brigham.

By Rev. Mr. Wines, Mr. Andrew J. Souther, of Connecticut, to Miss Mary A. T. Hayden.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Justin A. Jacobs, Esq. to Miss Sarah Augusta Haywood.

At Medford, by Rev. Dr. Bailou, Capt. Samuel S. Leach, of Charlestown, to Miss Julia A. Peck.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Shackford, Charles Porter, Esq. to Miss Maria S. Ailey.

At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Benjamin Jenkins to Miss Harriet E. Teel.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Rich, Mr. George A. Stanley to Miss Lydia A. Prince.

At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Richard B. Quin to Miss Aamira Thompson.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Jenkins, Luther B. Morse, M D., to Miss Julia M. Fletcher.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, Mr. John L. Newhall to Miss Seraphina Jack.

At Springfield, by Rev. Dr. Ide, Mr. Nelson King to Miss Helen M. McLeod.

At Sandwich, by Rev. Mr. Otheman, Dr. W. I. Thayer, of Fall River, to Miss Josephine Foster.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Ellen K., wife of W. E. Channing, Esq., 36; Mr. James Bullock, 65; Miss Sarah Shimmin, 74; Widow Elizabeth Chadwick.

At Cambridge, Widow Elizabeth Davis, 73.

At West Cambridge, Miss Caroline A. Fowle, 26.

At Somerville, Mrs. Sarah M. Collins Roberts, 45; Widow Margaret Collins, 66.

At West Newton, Mrs. Mary Stone, 59.

At Watertown, Mr. Joel Pierce, 78.

At Auburndale, Mrs. Roxanna, wife of Mr. George A. Glazier, 34.

At Medfield, Mr. Wesley P. Baleh, 62.

At Newburyport, Mr. Moulton Morse, 39; Mrs. Eliza A. Goodhue, 31.

At Framingham, Miss Della A. Stone, 20.

At North Andover, Mrs. Mary Osgood, 91.

At Lowell, Mr. William H. Cage, 27.

At Byfield, Mrs. Hannah Tenney, 79; Thomas Merrill, Esq., 45.

At Marlborough, Mrs. Frances Jane Hall, 26.

At Spencer, Mr. Sylvanus Campbell, 40.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Sarah W. Macomber, 29; Mr. Peter O'Connor, 84.

At Portsmouth, Mr. James Akin, 60.

At Westport, Mr. Holder Earl, 56.

At Paxton, Mr. John Davis, 78.

At Hopkinton, Mr. James Augustus Bowker, 26.

At Northampton, Mr. Samuel L. Bartlett, 76.

At Edgartown, Mr. Harlow Cranby, 68.

At Portland, Me., Capt. Nathaniel Hackell, a native of Gloucester, 60.

At Bath, Me., Zina Hyde, Esq., 62.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AT THE ALTAR.

BY SOLANTHE.

She stood there at the altar,
Bright gems were on her brow,
And in a voice of music
She breathed the nuptial vow;
But yet she did not love him,
Who stood there by her side,
And 'twas with deep reluctance
She vowed to be his bride.

But friends are rich and powerful,
She doeth as they say;
And thinks, with heart nigh bursting,
Of one now far away.
For, O, how will he judge her,
When hears he she has wed?
That henceforth he must view her
As one unto him dead?

O, cruel thought and bitter!
The crystal tear-drops start,
And down her cheek they trickle,
From out her pent-up heart.
A tear unto his memory!
Her love is not yet dead,
Although she's now another's,
And to another wed.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WILL.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Come in, Miss Ellen,—come in, child, out of the storm. I'm right glad to see you, my dear, for I have my heart full of trouble."

"Why, what is the matter, dame, that you should allow anything to make *you* low-spirited?" And the visitor flung off her hood and cloak, and revealed the form and features of a beautiful girl of seventeen. Her long black curls were wet with the snow flakes, but hastily pushing them from her forehead, she shook the particles off which yet remained on her dress, and then taking the old lady's hands in her own, looked smilingly up in her eyes while she repeated her question.

"What is the matter, dame? What makes you look so sad? Here I have come all the way up the mountain to see how you were this stormy day; and instead of being delighted to see me, you look as melancholy as if you had not a friend in the world. Give me my cloak again; I am going right home."

"No, no, Miss Ellen dear, you are not going home, and you know I am always glad to see you. But I have got a sick gentleman here, and I am afraid I can't make him comfortable, and sometimes I think he will die, and I have not had a wink of sleep these three nights, and I feel quite downhearted."

"Quite a list of troubles, dame; but don't despair. You know I am an excellent nurse, and will help you take care of your 'sick gentleman,' if you like; but first tell me who he is?"

"Ah, that I don't know any more than yourself, Miss Ellen. He was on the mountain, and trying to get to the top of 'Owen's Cliff,' the loose stones gave way; he had a dreadful fall, and was bruised terribly with the earth and stuff that fell on him."

"I suppose he was searching for those curious stones the party made such a talk about last summer, dame. But he should not have ventured up there, poor old gentleman."

"Old! he is not old, Miss Ellen. He is a young man, with pretty black hair, and the handsomest eyes—"

"A young man! Dame, you must be mistaken. You don't mean to tell me that it is a young man?" And the speaker, in great agitation, stood before her companion, with pale cheek and quivering lips, while the old woman, frightened at the change in her looks, could only stammer out:

"O, don't look so, Miss Ellen dear! You look just as if you were going to faint. What shall I get you? What will your aunt say if you get sick? O dear, O dear!" And in a perfect flutter of alarm, the easily excited dame ran about the little kitchen and clasped her hands in helpless fright.

"Dame! come and sit down here quietly by me." Ellen Thornton was quite calm now, though her cheek and lip were white, and her hands clasped tightly on her heart.

"Don't be frightened; you know I never get sick or faint, or scream, or any such nonsense; so sit down and tell me all you know about this stranger."

As all the dame knew had already been told, the conversation was soon at an end, and Ellen, with that calm, stern manner, so overpowering to her nervous companion, then said:

"Take me where I can see him. I think I know this gentleman; and if I do, you must let me share your care and trouble with him."

"Do you know him, Miss Ellen?"

Dame Jonce's whisper was a fond one, and the sick man raised his head and looked towards the half opened door where the two females were standing.

"Godfrey!"

The slight girlish figure crossed the room, and kneeling beside the low couch, bent over the feverish hands extended to meet her, and trembling in every nerve, poured forth a piteous confession.

"Hush! hush, darling! you must not blame yourself. It was impossible for you to know."

"But I tried to hate you, Godfrey; and O, I thought such wicked thoughts!—and you lying here so ill all the time!"

The poor girl moaned with remorseful sorrow; every nerve was quivering with mental agony, and yet not a tear came to relieve her.

"Ellen, I am very severely injured. You must not think on the past any more, but collect all your energies, and strive to assist me in this unforeseen difficulty. I thought to get better without a physician, but it is impossible. Even now I fear I have delayed too long. Send for one instantly; and while the messenger is away, give me that writing-case; a few lines I must write, let the consequences be what they may. And now, darling, kiss me once. In another hour I may not recognize you, for already I fear the fierce fever rushing through my brain; and even now, the events of the past few days are passing from my memory."

Poor Ellen Thornton! The touch of those burning lips was felt on her cheek for days, weeks, months—nay, when *years* had rolled round, long years of suffering and sorrow, of wretchedness and neglect, the recollection of that first kiss, of those fond love words, was sufficient to check the angry feelings rising in her heart, sufficient to calm the excited temper, to banish the whisperings of revenge.

Unwearidly she attended him in that long illness. What to her were cold and storm, the lonely mountain height, the snow-covered path, and the thousand dangers that beset her on every side? No pain, no weariness was felt, as toiling up the lonely way, she hastened to share Dame Jonce's solitary watch. And the reward, what was it? Would you know? You shall hear.

After long weeks of suffering, the stranger recovered. He knew all that he owed to the confiding and innocent girl, whose heart he had won; and believing that he loved her, without one thought of the future, without once asking himself the question, "Is it right?" he married her. Yes, actually married her; but not under the proud name he owned, the name his wife ought to have borne. No, his pride would not allow him to do that; to introduce the uncultivated, passionate, beautiful girl to his patrician relatives, as his wife—never! But he married her, and for a few months they lived in a dream of bliss.

But soon came an imperative summons from his home—a summons he must obey. They parted, and never more on earth did Ellen see him she had so idolized. A few weeks of anxious expectation, followed by a few more of dreadful forebodings, and it was all over. There were no shrieks of agony, no tears, no outward signs, to tell of the broken heart; but Ellen Thornton never smiled again after reading that fatal letter. It was ever with her, ever before her eyes; and engraven into her very brain were the words, "You are not, you have never been, my wife. Before I ever saw you, another held that place; and though I loved you well, and even now think too often of you, I could not, if free, place you in the position my wife must occupy. Forget that you ever saw me; you have nothing to reproach yourself with and may yet be happy; but do not seek to find me—it would be worse than useless loss of time." Cold, cruel and selfish, his words quenched forever the joy of that poor girl.

Alone in her little cottage (for the aunt, who had taken her, a little orphan, was no more) she lived for five years after the birth of her child, and at her death, the boy—little Godfrey—became the adopted son of the good old minister, who had married his parents, and who never ceased to deplore the part he had taken in causing the misery of the once merry and beautiful Ellen Thornton.

When Godfrey became old enough to understand his position, his adopted father acquainted him with the events of his mother's life, and thenceforth arose in the boy's mind a burning desire to discover whose son he really was; but circumstances prevented his fulfilling his intention until the death of his old friend, which occurred when he was sixteen.

"I am bringing home quite an addition to our establishment, dear mother, in the person of a youth I picked up among the Welsh Mountains. I met him at the funeral of his friend and adopted father, and as the poor lad was utterly alone in the world, and moreover won my fancy by his exceeding good looks and winning ways, I offered him the situation of my secretary—I had to create the office, for his pride would have taken offence at being dependent—and he gladly accepted the same. To my sister he will be invaluable, as in him she will find a kindred spirit in the pursuits she loves—natural history and botany,—but his knowledge so far surpasses hers that I sometimes feel afraid she will be jealous of him. Joking apart, he is a very gentlemanly, well-informed boy, considering where he has been brought up, and needs but very little polishing to fit him for any society. Of course, after taking him under my protection, I shall put him in the way of 'rising in the world;' and who knows but my protege may become quite a celebrated character some day?"

"Have you well considered the responsibility you have assumed, my dear Arthur, in taking this young man under your protection?" asked Mrs. O——, some days after reading the above; her son in the meantime having arrived at home with his handsome young secretary.

"O, you know I never consider much about anything, mother," replied the young man, with a happy laugh. "I saw him, took a fancy to him, and determined to be his friend. To be able to gratify such fancies is one of the privileges of our station, dear mother."

"And one I am well pleased to see you exercise, my dear boy—only do so with discretion. If you will allow me to advise you in this instance, I should say, give young Thornton an opportunity of completing his education; he will then be competent to take a secretaryship from another, should you no longer wish to retain him near yourself."

"The very plan I had arranged. It shall be put into effect at once."

And forthwith Ellen Thornton's orphan was put under the care of a clergyman—who increased his small salary by preparing young men for college—and when pronounced "finished," was sent to Cambridge, and a salary allowed him sufficient, with his handsome face and figure, and gentlemanly deportment, to prevent too close inquiries into his birth and parentage.

The question of "Who is he?" was generally answered by some such remark as, "A protege of Arthur O——'s;—the son of some Welsh parson, or doctor, or something; but a confounded handsome, stylish looking fellow, isn't he?" A question no one could avoid answering in the affirmative; for, in addition to the aristocratic air he owed to his father, Godfrey possessed all his mother's bright beauty; and the peculiar charm of his manner arose from its similarity to hers.

Ever an agreeable companion, his society was sought after by many of the young collegians, who, had they known his history, would have spurned him from their aristocratic presence. But Godfrey sought no one's acquaintance; he had resolved to make the most of his advantages; time was very valuable to him now, and his very reserve and distance helped to make him thought of consequence by his companions.

"What do you intend doing with that Thornton, Arthur?" inquired Albert M—— of his cousin, as they sat in one of the spacious parlors of O—— House one day, some six months after Godfrey's return from college.

"I have not quite decided yet; and, to tell the truth, I am so much attached to his society that I hate to think of parting with him at all. But why do you ask?"

"O, for no particular reason, save that I think the fellow puts on too many airs considering his position. I am astonished that you allow Caroline to be so much in his society, and I think he has a great deal of impudence to put himself forward as he does. Look at them now," he continued, pointing to the distant conservatory, through the glass doors of which Godfrey and Caroline were seen busily examining some new and beautiful plants she had just received.

"Well, I see them; and what of it, Albert? Caroline loves her flowers, and is delighted to have a companion of the same taste; and Godfrey, in his gratitude for what we have done for him, seizes every opportunity of being of service to us. My mother would not allow them to be together if she thought there was any danger; but Caroline is only a child yet."

"Well, if the fellow is so fond of flowers, you would have done better to have made him your gardener."

"It was my pleasure to do just as I have done," was the somewhat haughty reply; "and no one has the right to question me. The fact is, Albert, you have not forgiven poor Thornton for outdoing you at Cambridge; and considering your advantages, your spite is hardly worthy of you, my good cousin."

A dark look of rage came over the countenance of the young man thus addressed. He clutched the arm of his chair violently, and turning to his cousin, exclaimed:

"I don't pretend to disguise my feelings; I hate him, and have ever since the hour I first beheld him. It is all very well for you to choose your own company, but I think some respect ought to be shown to your relations and their feelings. Do you suppose that I, the son of Sir Geoffery M——, wish to be continually brought in contact with a low-born adventurer like that?—or that I like to witness the familiarity that exists between him and the lady I have long looked on as my future bride?"

There was an instant's silence, and then a hasty step crossed the room, a heavy hand was laid on the speaker's arm, and a voice, calm and distinct, exclaimed:

"Silence, sir!—nor dare to apply terms of disgrace to one of whom you know nothing ill or evil. You are well aware that I am no adventurer, that in every way I have striven to repay the kindness of your cousin, that again and again I have been overruled by him in my determination to seek my way in the world, and that it was by his interference alone that I was prevented from leaving England more than once. You have dared to find fault with my acquaintance with my benefactor's sister; I did not heretofore know that you had a right to do so; knowing it now, I can only say—I am sorry for her sake."

"Villain! would you presume to address me so?"

Albert sprang up, and his cousin's sudden grasp of his arm alone prevented the intended blow. The entrance of Mrs. O—— and her daughter caused them all to draw back, and Godfrey left the room. That night he refused to admit even his friend Arthur. The following morning a servant delivered a letter at the bedside of the latter, and in it he learned that his protege had left his protection forever.

Hastening to his room, Arthur found that he had indeed left them. His clothes and some few of his books were gone; but the valuables with which from time to time he had himself presented him, were in their usual places.

"Let every article remain as it is," was the young master's orders to the wondering domestics. "Mr. Thornton will soon come home again, and I wish his room to be undisturbed."

But days and weeks passed, and no tidings came from the absent one, and Arthur mourned sincerely for the loss of his friend.

"But, aunt, my hopes have been so long centered on this, I cannot give it up."

"I have told you all that has passed, Albert. Caroline refuses you, and I have no wish to control my child in such a case, nor should I have supposed you would wish it."

"It is only girlish nonsense, aunt. I am certain you could overcome her objections if you tried. You know how much my father wishes it; nothing but his ill health prevented his being here to-day."

"You must see Caroline yourself, then, if you do not think I am telling you the whole truth; but I warn you that you will hear some things that may not please you."

"Caroline."

The young girl started at the voice. She had been carefully cutting the withered leaves from a beautiful white moss rose, and the occupation had given rise to painful remembrances of the past. That white rose, her favorite flower, was Godfrey Thornton's gift, and she never looked on its delicate blossoms without thoughts of him. The interruption to her reverie was disagreeable—the intruder, even more so.

"Caroline, your mother has given me permission to seek you here. I need not tell you for what purpose."

Albert M——'s voice trembled slightly, in spite of his habitual assurance. He did not like the cold, contemptuous look with which his cousin was regarding him.

"And did not my mother acquaint you with my wishes on the subject?"

"She did; but I could not take such a message as decisive after all the hopes I have cherished——"

"You had no foundation for hopes, Albert; and the decision my mother acquainted you with is my final one."

"And what objection can you possibly have to me, Caroline?" he exclaimed, his anger breaking forth and his face flushing, as he moved towards her and attempted to take her hand. "But I see how it is; that beggarly adventurer is still in your thoughts, and the love I once thought I possessed is given to him; the heart I have so earnestly sought for is bestowed on him without being asked for."

With a cheek whiter than her snowy robe, and a proud gleam in the usually mild blue eyes, Caroline stood before her cousin, and even he, fierce and ill-tempered as he then was, quailed before that look and the bitter words that accompanied it.

"Sir Geoffery is very low, sir; he took a fit soon after you went away yesterday, and the doctors say he cannot live through the night. You had better not go up too sudden, sir, they told me."

"Stand aside, old man!"

The words were accompanied by a violent push, and as Albert disappeared up the wide staircase, the old servant shook his clenched hand after him and uttered bitter words and threats of vengeance.

"I'll teach him some day to call me 'old man,' and push me aside with scorn. He little thinks that I know what I know." And, muttering, he went away, to meditate on plans far from friendly to the imprudent young man.

"Father! father! don't say that, unless you would drive me to distraction at once. It is not, cannot be true!"

"My son, as certainly as I am to leave this world, so certainly have I told you the truth. You are my son, but your mother was not my wife. Before I married her, another had stood beside me at the altar; and though I cruelly forsook her, made her believe that she was the deceived one, and have never since inquired about her fate, she was my wife, my legal wife, and her child, if living, is my heir."

There was a stifled groan, and overcome with his various passions, the young man rushed from the room.

It was not until some hours had elapsed that he had sufficiently overcome his emotion to stand once more at the bedside of the dying man. Conquering every outward display of feeling, he made the most minute inquiries into the past, and learned the whole sad story of poor Ellen Thornton's cruel deception and desertion.

Many times had Sir Geoffery heard the name of Arthur's protege, and yet the similarity had never occurred to him. As Ellen, alone, he remembered the beautiful girl he had betrayed, and her other name seldom or never came in his mind.

But with Albert it was different. The whole truth flashed on him at once. The names, the lonely Welsh hamlet, the likeness he well remembered to have existed between Godfrey and his own parent, all, all served to convince him that the hated intruder at his aunt's, and the long lost heir of his father, were one and the same.

The old man loved the son he had so long treated as his only child, and in his will he had well provided for his future. But he felt that he was dying, and to do justice to the long neglected offspring of his once loved Ellen was the one thought that engaged his mind. A will, in accordance with the extraordinary circumstances of the case, had been made in Albert's absence, and entrusted to the care of the old and faithful servant, before mentioned, with strict injunctions to deliver it to the care of a certain lawyer, whose place of residence was too far distant to allow of his being summoned in time.

For many months this old servant had suspected his young master of being too attentive to his pretty grand-daughter, who resided in the neighboring village; and though his suspicions had not received complete confirmation, he had discovered enough to excite his anger, and induce him to drop hints to the young man relative to the same.

To one of Albert's disposition, this was sufficient to arouse his everlasting hatred. He had long pursued the girl, and the presumption of her careful relative excited him to the fiercest rage—rage, which had, however, to be hidden from the knowledge of his parent, in whose estimation old William was perfection itself, an opinion which manifested itself in the confidence he ever placed in his faithful retainer.

To overcome old William's conscientious scruples, and bribe him into giving up the will and keeping secret all he knew, was Albert's first determination, and he spent the interval between Sir Geoffery's death and funeral in fruitless endeavors to accomplish the same. As well might he have exercised his eloquence on the elements. The old man, true to his trust, scornfully rejected his glittering temptations, and ridiculed the idea of *his* being so lavish of what rightfully belonged to another.

One last endeavor Albert made, as useless as the others, and then he swore a solemn oath that the obstinate old man should never live to carry out the wishes of the dead. Suddenly changing his manner, he appeared to give consent to his departure, and urged the importance of haste, and the great saving of time it would be if William proceeded to the neighboring town over night.

A little suspicious that all was not right, but still far from imagining anything like the truth, the old man started on his journey and stopped at his daughter's home to spend the night. There were none to warn the faithful old servant of his danger—none to tell him that the murderer was on his track. He went to his chamber, deposited his precious charge safely beneath his pillow, laid down to slumber, and in the morning was found a disfigured corpse.

Taking advantage of the knowledge he possessed of the premises, Albert had effected an entrance, killed his enemy, and possessed himself of the fatal will. But alas for his wicked hopes, the unfortunate girl, whose destroyer he had been, at once saw the error she had committed, and filled with remorse for her conduct, and blaming herself for the death of her grandparent, she fled at once from her home, intending to seek out the gentleman for whom that will had been intended and confide to him the whole story.

The story of the murder excited but little interest out of the county in which it occurred. It was generally believed that old William had started with a considerable sum of money on his person; that a party of miscreable, distressed miners from the neighboring collieries—who had for some time infested the country round, committing various depredations—must in some way have discovered this, and killed him for what they believed he possessed.

Some efforts were made to discover the perpetrators of the horrid deed, a reward was offered, and Albert made a great show of anxiety and grief on the subject; but as nothing was elicited, it gradually died away; the widowed daughter received all her father's effects, with a handsome addition from the heir, and he, on his part, flattered himself that no suspicion would ever reach him.

Of the unfortunate girl, whose disappearance none could account for, nothing was heard for several weeks; and even her mother at last yielded to the conviction that she must have made way with herself, although many suspected the poor creature to have been implicated in the murder, if not the sole doer of the deed. It had been part of old William's plan to tell his grandaughter the story of the will, hoping, by exposing Albert's conduct, to put her on her guard against him. To the mother, he made no mention of his business, and hence the apparent safety of the guilty young man.

But in spite of his seeming security, Albert felt far from safe or easy in the position he had assumed on the death of his father. Occupying a place he knew rightfully belonged to another; suffering all the terrors of a guilty conscience, and much distressed at the disappearance of his unfortunate victim, his state of mind was in no respect enviable. To make another effort to obtain his cousin Caroline's hand was a determination acted on without loss of time. Should the truth ever become known, and he be obliged to resign his possessions to the rightful heir, Caroline's fortune would be a handsome addition to his own; and the connection would be a desirable one, if only to secure Arthur's protection for his sister's husband, whom it was most probable he would befriend, even when found to be guilty of the blackest crime.

All these selfish considerations induced him to once more visit O—— House in the character of a suitor for the fair hand of the heiress; and as he did not hasten to unfold his purpose, but rather sought to interest his cousin in his recent afflictions by a studied show of melancholy, he seemed to have a fairer prospect than ever. Caroline's tender heart was melted with compassion at the visible change in his appearance—a change she attributed to grief for the loss of his parent,—and so kind and sisterly was her behaviour that he was at last emboldened once more to state his hopes.

It was in the midst of their conversation, and just as she had for the last time declared the utter hopelessness of his suit, that a letter was delivered to the young man. One hasty glance over it showed him the precipice on which he stood.

It was from his late father's friend, the lawyer, to whom the search for the missing son had been confided; and without scruple or hesitation, he avowed his knowledge of the whole transaction, his determination to see justice done, and his conviction of who the murderer was, as well as his intention of proving it.

To the guilty Albert, this letter sounded like a death-warrant. He instantly rushed from the presence of his cousin, procured one of Arthur's pistols, and when next seen was lying a disfigured corpse in a neighboring field.

"You do not seem half so much rejoiced as I had expected you would, Godfrey, under the circumstances," said Arthur O——, as the two sat in the rooms of the former at Paris.

"My joy is considerably dashed with sorrow, Arthur, and if you think for a moment you must see, not without reason. In the hour that I discover my long sought father, I also hear that he is no more; I come into possession of a splendid fortune, and I learn that it is bought at the expense of my only brother's life. One other question yet remains to be decided; should *that* be contrary to my wishes, my fortune is valueless. I shall entrust it to you—to whom I owe everything in this world—and fulfil my intention of travelling; an intention my poverty has hitherto rendered impossible of accomplishment."

"And that one 'undecided question,' Godfrey? Will you not give me a brother's privilege and tell me all your hopes and fears?"

"If favorable, *that* will give you a 'brother's privilege,' Arthur, and on that rests my every hope of happiness."

"Godfrey, I have long suspected it—you will succeed." And with a warm hand-clasp, the young man closed the conversation and left the apartment.

"Mama, do you not feel uneasy at Arthur's long absence? He went away so suddenly, too, and has never written yet."

"I received a letter from him this morning, dear. He will be with us to-night; and a gentleman accompanies him—a suitor for my dear child's hand."

Caroline O—— glanced at her black dress, and a visible shudder passed over her. The fearful shock of her cousin's death had occasioned a fit of sickness, from which she was only just recovering, and her pale cheek grew paler at the thought of the stranger and his errand.

"Mama, I cannot see this gentleman indeed, I am not fit to mix in society to shall never marry, I am certain I shall n Arthur should not bring a stranger he knows how ill I am."

"My dear Caroline, you will be allo follow your own inclination, as you have done; but you must see him once, if o of regard to Arthur's feelings."

"I may see him, mama; but I am firm determination never to marry. You wish me to leave you, my own mama?"

"A very wise resolution, my little siste I am glad my friend is here to learn hi once," said Arthur's cheerful voice; and t the young girl beheld her brother, and never hoped to meet again on earth.

"Godfrey!"

The voice was weak and faint, and she ed on the point of falling from her seat spring forward and catch her in his arms. Arthur beckoned his mother from the room the work of an instant; and then knee her feet, he asked her to give him the lov out which his path through life must be a one.

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It is quite an event when she leaves h visit at M——, those lovely, gentle, little children, who remind her so strongly mother in her childhood.

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We find it recorded in an English publi that, some time ago, two young gentle Dumfries, while fishing at Dalswinton having expended their stock of worms, e recourse to the expedient of picking out t of the dead perch they had taken, and st them to their hooks—a bait which this known to take as readily as any other. the perch caught in this manner strug much when taken out of the water that it had no sooner been loosened from its mou it came in contact with one of its own ey actually tore it out. In the struggle, t slipped through the holder's fingers, and escaped to its native element. The disap fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquat tive, adjusted it on the hook, and again mitted his line to the waters. After a ver interval, on pulling up the line, he was ast to find the identical perch that had slu grasp a few minutes before, and which l perished in swallowing its own eye.—*Fish*

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THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

A new married couple arrived in our r cently, and took lodgings at one of the f able hotels, to pass away that propitious —alas! too brief—known as the honey Their happiness was the cause of envy many, for not a cloud appeared to over the enjoyment of the passing hours, until tor was sent for in great haste, to relieve th of a dose of laudanum which threatened minate her life. The skill of the doctor the wife, and after the bride returned sciousness, she was asked what motive co induced her to commit such a wicked act replied: "I saw a young widow at my hus the table, and I didn't want to live!"—*L.*

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We desire to impress on the comm reasoning of every man, the great impor having no more land in cultivation than well cultivated. By no means attempt age more than you can manage well farmer, not a mere scraper, lazily scratch sufficient earth to destroy the face of t and throw seed away, or you will always scratch hard for a living. But make you a source of pride, and it surely will bec source of profit. Make the object to be, have many, but rich acres.—*Ploughman.*

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A famous artist made a painting in wh the different nations of the earth were rep ed in the peculiar dress of their countr stead, however, of clothing the French drew him in his shirt, with a bundle of under his arm. Being asked the reas replied: "The French dress themselves s different ways, and change their fashions ten, that whatever dress I should put on a short time he would not be known; but stuff, he may cut it to his liking."—*Trav.*

, laid down to slumber, and in the
as found a disfigured corpse.
advantage of the knowledge he pos-
the premises, Albert had effected an
illed his enemy, and possessed him-
fatal will. But alas for his wicked
unfortunate girl, whose destroyer he
at once saw the error she had com-
filled with remorse for her conduct,
ng herself for the death of her grand-
fied at once from her home, intend-
out the gentleman for whom that will
ntended and confide to him the whole

ry of the murder excited but little
t of the county in which it occurred.
erally believed that old William had
h a considerable sum of money on
; that a party of miserable, distressed
n the neighboring collieries—who had
me infested the country round, com-
ious depredations—must in some way
vered this, and killed him for what
od he possessed.
forts were made to discover the perpe-
the horrid deed, a reward was offered,
made a great show of anxiety and
subject; but as nothing was elicited,
ly died away; the widowed daughter
her father's effects, with a handsome
om the heir, and he, on his part, flat-
elf that no suspicion would ever reach

unfortunate girl, whose disappearance
d account for, nothing was heard for
eeks; and even her mother at last
the conviction that she must have
with herself, although many suspected
nature to have been implicated in the
not the sole doer of the deed. It had
of old William's plan to tell his grand-
the story of the will, hoping, by expos-
t's conduct, to put her on her guard
m. To the mother, he made no men-
s business, and hence the apparent
the guilty young man.
spite of his seeming security, Albert
n safe or easy in the position he had as-
the death of his father. Occupying a
knew rightfully belonged to another;
all the terrors of a guilty conscience,
distressed at the disappearance of his
te victim, his state of mind was in no
viable. To make another effort to ob-
ousin Caroline's hand was a determi-
ed on without loss of time. Should the
r become known, and he be obliged to
possessions to the rightful heir, Caro-
une would be a handsome addition to
and the connection would be a desir-
if only to secure Arthur's protection for
s husband, whom it was most probable
befriend, even when found to be guilty
ckest crime.
e selfish considerations induced him
ore visit O—— House in the character
r for the fair hand of the heiress; and
not hasten to unfold his purpose, but
ght to interest his cousin in his recent
by a studied show of melancholy, he
have a fairer prospect than ever.
tender heart was melted with compas-
visible change in his appearance—a
attributed to grief for the loss of his
nd so kind and sisterly was her beha-
he was at last emboldened once more
s hopes.
in the midst of their conversation, and
had for the last time declared the un-
siness of his suit, that a letter was
to the young man. One hasty glance
owed him the precipice on which he

om his late father's friend, the lawyer,
he search for the missing son had been
and without scruple or hesitation, he
is knowledge of the whole transaction,
mination to see justice done, and his
of who this murderer was, as well as
ion of proving it.
guilty Albert, this letter sounded like
arrant. He instantly rushed from the
f his cousin, procured one of Arthur's
nd when next seen was lying a disfig-
e in a neighboring field.

lo not seem half so much rejoiced as I
cted you would, Godfrey, under the
nces," said Arthur O——, as the two
rooms of the former at Paris.
y is considerably dashed with sorrow,
d if you think for a moment you must
ithout reason. In the hour that I dis-
long sought father, I also hear that he
; I come into possession of a splendid
nd I learn that it is bought at the ex-
my only brother's life. One other
et remains to be decided; should *that*
ry to my wishes, my fortune is value-
all entrust it to you—to whom I owe
g in this world—and fulfil my inten-
avelling; an intention my poverty has
ndered impossible of accomplishment."
hat one 'undecided question,' Godfrey?
not give me a brother's privilege and
your hopes and fears?"
orable, *that* will give you a 'brother's
Arthur, and on that rests my every
appiness."
ey, I have long suspected it—you will
will be with us to-night; and a gen-
companies him—a suitor for my dear
d."
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"I may see him, mama; but I am firm in my determination never to marry. You do not wish me to leave you, my own mama?"

"A very wise resolution, my little sister; and I am glad my friend is here to learn his fate at once," said Arthur's cheerful voice; and turning, the young girl beheld her brother, and one she never hoped to meet again on earth.

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The voice was weak and faint, and she seemed on the point of falling from her seat. To spring forward and catch her in his arms, while Arthur beckoned his mother from the room, was the work of an instant; and then kneeling at her feet, he asked her to give him the love without which his path through life must be a dreary one.

It was not until after she had promised all he asked that Caroline learned the change which had taken place in Godfrey's fortunes. To her it made no difference; he was her Godfrey still. To him it was a most precious assurance, that for himself alone the gentle girl had loved him.

Six months after the restoration of the heir of M—— Manor, there was a happy wedding party gathered beneath the hospitable roof of O—— House. And if the bride did look somewhat pale, and glance timidly around her, as they stood before the altar of the old chapel, it was nothing more than a passing recollection of painful events. She felt the warm pressure of the hand that held her own; she looked in the handsome, beaming countenance of him who had just promised to love and cherish her through life, and with a smile and a tear at her superstitious terrors, she clung to his arm, and went forth safe under his fond protection.

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A famous artist made a painting in which all the different nations of the earth were represented in the peculiar dress of their country. Instead, however, of clothing the Frenchman, he drew him in his shirt, with a bundle of cloth under his arm. Being asked the reason, he replied: "The French dress themselves so many different ways, and change their fashions so often, that whatever dress I should put on him, in a short time he would not be known; having the stuff, he may cut it to his liking."—*Tribune.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO S. ANNIE.

BY S. C. VAN FELT.

I think of thee when morn's first light
Breaks o'er the earth and sea;
When sunset's crimson dies at night,
My thoughts are all for thee.

My thoughts are thine mid toil and strife,
And all life's pleasures flee,
Are thine, forever thine; my heart
Throbs only, love, for thee.

My thoughts are thine from morn till night,
Wherever I may be;
And should I never see thee more,
I'll always think of thee.

Now if this love prove mutual love,
It would be wrong to sever;
For love like mine, both true and kind,
Can never perish—never!

A NAVAL BATTLE.

During the war between the United States and Tripoli, in 1803 and 1804, the United States frigate, Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge, standing into the harbor of Tripoli in chase of a xebec struck on a reef, and all exertions to get her off proving unsuccessful, she at last struck to the gun-boats by which she was surrounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Philadelphia was subsequently got off the reef—towed into the harbor, manned with Turks, and was nearly fitted for sea, when Commodore Preble matured a plan for destroying her where she lay at anchor. This perilous enterprise was entrusted to Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, who then commanded the United States schooner Enterprise—and a ketch which had been captured from the enemy a few days previous, and called the Intrepid, was the vessel employed for this service. The Intrepid sailed from Syracuse on the third of February, 1804, accompanied by the Siren of sixteen guns, Lieut. Com. Stewart, who was properly the senior officer of the expedition, though owing to the peculiar nature of the service, Mr. Decatur was permitted to conduct the more active part of the duty at his own discretion.

The party in the ketch consisted of Lieut. Com. Decatur, Lieuts. Lawrence, Bainbridge, and Thorn, Mr. McDonough, midshipman, and Dr. Heerman, surgeon, all of the Enterprise; and Messrs. Izard, Morris, Laws, Davis, and Rowe, midshipmen of the Constitution, and S. Catalano, the pilot, with 62 petty officers and men, making a total of 74 souls. These vessels arrived off Tripoli, but owing to the rough weather, no attempt was made to accomplish the object till the morning of the 16th inst., when everything looking favorable, Decatur seriously made disposition for the attack, and was reinforced by a boat and eight men from the Siren under the orders of midshipman Anderson. The result of this expedition is thus related by Mr. Cooper:

The orders of Lieut. Com. Decatur were clear and simple. The spar-deck was first to be carried, and then the gun-deck, after which the following distribution of the party was made, in order to set fire to the ship. Mr. Decatur with Messrs Izard and Rowe, and fifteen men, were to keep possession of the upper deck. Mr. Lawrence, with Messrs. Laws and McDonough, and ten men, were to repair to the berth-deck and forward store-rooms. Mr. Bainbridge, with Mr. Davis and ten men, were to go to the ward-room and steerage. Mr. Morris, with eight men, were to go into the cockpit and after store-rooms; Mr. Thorn, with the gunner, surgeon and thirteen men, were to look after the ketch; to Mr. Izard was assigned the command of the launch should she be needed; and Mr. Anderson, with the Siren's cutter, was to secure all boats alongside of the ship, and to prevent the people from swimming ashore, with directions, however, to board as soon as the first duty was performed.

Fire arms were to be used only in the last extremity, and the first object of every one was to clear the upper-deck and gun-deck of the enemy. These arrangements were plain and judicious. The watchword was "Philadelphia."

As the ketch drew in with the land, the ship became visible. She lay not quite a mile within the entrance, riding to the wind, and abreast of the town. Her foremast, which had been cut away while she was on the reef, had not yet been replaced, her main and mizen topmasts were housed, and her lower yards were on the gunwales. Her lower standing rigging, however, was in its place, and, as was shortly afterwards ascertained, her guns were loaded and shotted. Just within her, lay two corsairs, and a few gunboats and a galley.

It was a mild evening for the season, and the sea and bay were as smooth as in summer; as unlike as possible to the same place a few days previously, when the two vessels had been driven from the enterprise by the tempest. Perceiving that he was likely to get in too soon, when about five miles from the rock, Mr. Decatur ordered hackets and other drags to be towed astern, in order to lessen the way of the ketch, without shortening sail, as the latter expedient would have been seen from the port, and must have awakened suspicion. In the mean time the wind gradually fell, until it became so light as to leave the ketch but about two knots way on her, when the drags were removed.

About 10 o'clock the Intrepid reached the eastern entrance of the bay or the passage between the rocks and the shoal. The wind was nearly east, and, as she steered directly for the frigate, it was well abaft the beam. There was a young moon, and as these bold adventurers were slowly advancing into a hostile port, all around them was tranquil and apparently without distrust. For nearly an hour they were stealing slowly along, the air gradually failing, until their motion became scarcely perceptible.

Most of the officers and men of the ketch had been ordered to lie on the deck, where they were concealed by low bulwarks or weather boards, and by the different objects that belong to a vessel. As it is the practice of those seas to carry a number of men, even in the smallest craft, the appearance of ten or twelve would excite no alarm, and this number was visible. The commanding officer, himself, stood near the pilot, Mr. Catalano, who was to act as interpreter.

The quarter-master at the helm was ordered to stand directly for the frigate's bows, it being the intention to lay the ship aboard in that place, as the mode of attack which would least expose the assailants to her fire.

The Intrepid was still at a considerable distance from the Philadelphia when the latter hailed. The pilot answered that the ketch belonged to Malta, and was on a trading voyage; that she had been nearly wrecked and had lost her anchor in a late gale, and that the commander wished to ride by the frigate during the night. This conversation lasted some time, Mr. Decatur instructing the pilot to tell the frigate's people with what he was laden, in order to amuse them, and the Intrepid gradually drew nearer, until there was every prospect of her running foul of the Philadelphia, in a minute or two, and at the very spot contemplated. But the wind suddenly shifted and took the ketch a-back. The instant the southerly puff struck her, her head fell off and she got a stern-board; the ship at the same moment tending to a new current of air. The effect of this unexpected change was to bring the ketch directly under the frigate's broadside, at the distance of about forty yards, where she lay perfectly becalmed, or, if anything, drifted slowly astern, exposed to nearly every one of the Philadelphia's guns.

Not the smallest suspicion appears to have been yet excited on board the frigate, though several of her people were looking over her rails, and notwithstanding the moon light. So completely were the Turks deceived, that they lowered a boat and sent it with a fast. Some of the ketch's men in the meantime, had got into her boat, and had run a line to the frigate's forechains. As they returned, they met the frigate's boat, took the fast it brought, which came from the after part of the ship, and passed it into their own vessel. These fasts were put into the hands of the men, as they lay on the ketch's deck, and they began cautiously to hreast the Intrepid along-side of the Philadelphia, without rising. As soon as the latter got near enough to the ship, the Turks discovered her anchors, and they sternly ordered the ketch to keep off, as she had deceived them; preparing at the same time to cut the fasts. All this passed in a moment, when the cry of "Americanos" was heard in the ship. The people of the Intrepid by a strong pull brought their vessel alongside of the frigate, where she was secured, quick as thought. Up to this moment not a whisper had betrayed the presence of the men concealed. The instruction had been positive, to keep quiet until commanded to show themselves, and no precipitation, even in that trying moment, deranged the plan.

Lieut. Com. Decatur was standing ready for a spring, with Messrs Laws and Morris quite near him. As soon as close enough, he jumped at the frigate's chain plates, and while clinging to the ship himself, he gave the order to board. The two midshipmen were at his side, and all the officers and men of the Intrepid arose and followed. The three gentlemen named were in the chains together, and Lieut. Com. Decatur and Mr. Morris sprang at the rail above them, while Mr. Laws dashed at the port. To the latter would have belonged the honor of having been first in this gallant assault, but wearing a boarding belt, his pistols were caught between the gun and the side of the port. Mr. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, and Mr. Charles Morris first stood upon the quarter-deck of the Philadelphia. In an instant Lieut Com. Decatur and Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports in all directions.

The surprise seems to have been as perfect, as the assault was rapid and earnest. Most of the Turks on deck crowded forward, and all ran over to the starboard side, as their enemies poured in on the larboard. A few were aft, but as soon as charged they leaped into the sea. Indeed, the consternation was such promptitude and order, as every other part of the service. The officers distributed themselves, agreeably to the previous instructions, and the men soon appeared with the necessary means. Each party acted by itself, and as it got ready. So rapid were they all in their movements, that the men with combustibles had scarcely time to get as low as the cockpit and after store-rooms, before the fires were lighted over their heads When the officer entrusted with the duty had mentioned had got through, he found the after hatches filled with smoke from the fire in the ward room and steerage, and was obliged to make his escape by the forward ladders.

The Americans were in the ship from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and they were literally driven out of her by the flames. The vessel had got to be so dry in that low latitude, that she burnt like pine; and the combustibles had been as judiciously prepared as they were steadily used. The last party up were the people who had been in the store-rooms, and when they reached the deck, they found most of their companions already in the Intrepid. Joining them, and ascertaining that all was ready, the order was given to cast off. Notwithstanding the daring character of the enterprise in general, Mr. Decatur and his party, now ran the greatest risks they had incurred that night. So fierce had the conflagration already become, that the flames began to pour out of the ports, and the head-fasts having been cast off, the ketch fell astern, with her jigger flapping against the quarter-gallery, and her boom foul. The fire showed itself in the window, at this critical moment; and beneath was all the ammunition of the party, covered with a tarpaulin. To increase the risk, the stern fast was jammed. By using swords, however, for there was not time to look for an axe, the hawser was cut, and the Intrepid was extricated from the most imminent danger, by a vigorous shove. As she swung clear of the frigate, the flames reached the rigging, up which they went hissing, like a rocket, the tar having oozed from the ropes which had been saturated with that inflammable matter. Matches could not have kindled with greater quickness.

The sweeps were now manned. Up to this moment, everything had been done earnestly, though without noise, but as soon as they felt that they had got command of their ketch again, and by two or three vigorous strokes had sent her away from the frigate, the people of the Intrepid ceased rowing, and as one man, they gave three cheers for victory. This appeared to arouse the Turks from their stupor, for the cry had hardly ended, when the batteries, the two corsairs, and the galley, poured in their fire. The men laid hold of their sweeps again, of which the Intrepid had eight on a side, and favored by a light air, they went merrily down the harbor.

The spectacle that followed is described as having been both beautiful and sublime. The entire bay was illuminated by the conflagration, the roar of cannon was constant, and Tripoli was in a clamor. The appearance of the ship was in the highest degree magnificent; and to add to the effect, as her guns heated they began to go off. Owing to the shift of wind, and the position into which she had tended, she in some measure returned the enemy's fire, as one of her broadsides was discharged in the direction of the town, and the other towards fort English. The most singular effect of this conflagration was on board the ship, for the flames having run up the rigging and masts, collected under the tops, and fell over, giving the whole the appearance of glowing columns and fiery capitals.

Under ordinary circumstances, the situation of the ketch would still have been thought sufficiently perilous, but after the exploit they had just performed, their people, elated with success, regarded all that was now passing as a triumphant spectacle. The shot constantly cast the spray around them, or were whistling over their heads, but the only sensation they produced, was by calling attention to the brilliant jets d'eau that they occasioned in bounding along the water. But one struck the Intrepid, although she was within half a mile of many of the heaviest guns for some time, and that passed through her topgallant sail.

With sixteen sweeps, and eighty men elated with success, Mr. Decatur was enabled to drive the little Intrepid ahead with a velocity that rendered towing useless. Near the harbor's mouth he met the Siren's boats sent to cover his retreat, but their services was scarcely necessary. As soon as the ketch was out of danger, he got into one, and pulled aboard the brig, to report to Lieut. Com. Stewart the result of his undertaking. The Siren had got into the offing some time after the Intrepid, agreeably to arrangements, and anchored about three miles from the rocks. Here she hoisted out the launch and a cutter, manned and armed them, and sent them in, under her first lieutenant. Soon after, the brig weighed, and the wind having entirely failed outside, she swept into eight fathoms water, and anchored again, to cover the retreat, should the enemy attempt to board the Intrepid with his gun-boats. But it will readily be supposed that it was an anxious moment, and as the moon rose, all eyes were on the frigate. After waiting in intense expectation near an hour, a rocket went up from the Philadelphia. It was the signal of possession, and Mr. Stewart ran below to get another for the answer. He was gone only a moment, but when he returned, the fire was seen shining through the frigate's port, and a few more moments, the flames were seen rushing up her rigging, as if a train had been touched. Then followed the cannonade, and the dashing of sweeps, with the approach of the ketch. Presently a boat was seen coming alongside, and a man in a sailor's jacket sprang over the gangway of the brig. It was Decatur, to announce his victory!

MRS. SIDDONS.

The year 1812 witnessed the formal leave-taking of Mrs. Siddons, an actress of the most transcendent talents. Mr. Young himself related to Thomas Campbell, the poet of "Hope," the impression which that matchless woman once made upon himself while playing with her in "The Gamester," upon the Edinburg boards. In the fourth scene of the fifth act, when "Beverly" has swallowed the poison, "Bates" enters, and "Mrs. Beverly" (in reply to a charge against her husband of having been seen quarrelling in the streets with "Lewson") exclaims, "Tis false, old man! They had no quarrel—there was no cause for quarrel." In uttering these words, Mrs. Siddons caught hold of "Jarvis," and gave the exclamation with such piercing grief, that Mr. Young said his throat swelled, and his utterance was choked. He stood, unable to speak the words which he ought immediately to have uttered; the prompter repeated the line without effect; when the guilty lady herself walked up to our tragedian, and in a low voice said, "Mr. Young, recollect yourself"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

PARIS FUEL SHOPS.

The fuel required to cook a dinner in Paris costs nearly as much as the dinner itself. Fuel is very scarce, and the Englishman is surprised to find shops all over the city, fitted up with shelves like those of shoe stores, upon which is stored wood, split up in pieces about the size of a man's finger, and done up in bundles, as matches were in the days of the tinder box, steel and flint. They are about the size of a bunch of asparagus. These little bundles sell at from two to six sous. Larger sticks are bundled up in the same way, and sell at a frightful price. Charcoal is sold by the weight; and coal, being nearly as expensive as wood, can be bought in the smallest quantities at any of these fuel shops.—*N. Y. Express.*

OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS.

Not long since, a good looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied:

"I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be our home, and my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said: "You have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness: she was in her second childhood, and her mind was grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and as we could find nobody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—that is, no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die when our hearts are a part of their own, that our graves may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect for the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!"—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

CONCERN FOR OTHERS.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and glass were on her, and a canvass shelter on a deck almost level with the sea suggested the idea that there yet might be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep, sepulchral voice, "There is another man." Saved himself, the first use he saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. O, learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world which is drifting down to ruin, there lies an unconverted one, there is "another man;" let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man, the cry, "Lord save me, I perish!" changed to one as welcome to the Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish!"—*Dr. Guthrie.*

ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

The Earl of Rosse, who has recently completed another telescope, the largest ever made, alluded, at a meeting in London, to its effect. He said that, with respect to the moon, every object on its surface of 100 feet in height was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no doubt that, under favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects sixty feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stone almost innumerable. He had no doubt that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architecture remain to show that that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and the lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There is no water visible—not a sea or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory—all seemed desolate.—*London Sun.*

We are apt to mistake our vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us. When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we find we cannot bear even a provoking word.

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DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY BRIDAL GIFT.

Dedicated to my Husband.

BY BERTHA BURDOCK.

Three years have rolled their viewless round,
Since orange wreath my tresses bound,
And fleecy bride's veil floated round
The altar there.

Three years have swiftly onward rolled,
Since marriage service solemnly told,
Entwined our faith by band of gold—
Do you remember it?

Three years have gone—three years have fled!
Instead of smiles were teardrops shed;
"See Fancy to Consumption wed,"
They whispered.

Three years agone! by sacred shrine
We knelt—my wayward self and thine;
Our troth was plighted—we, in fine,
Were married there.

You said, "thy soft hand calms my pain,
Till storm disease forgets her pain."
You cannot speak so *naive* again—
Please not attempt it.

No Burdocks vouched by sacred shrine,
Drew draughts on Love's exhaustless mine;
But Posey waved with glance malign
A high-strung lyre.

Pride spurned it! Bounding impulse sprang
And swept its strings with clarion clang—
The while impatient hope outrang,
Eureka!

Old Pride recolled! Stern Poverty cried!
Once dear five hundred friends got tried—
And such an unconventional bride—
O morse!

Mignon, I do not covet wealth—
Position, style, or glittering pelf—
Je n' aime pas, I prefer myself
To live retired.

And being too poor to live in town, sir,
We settled in the country down, sir—
You coursing Ceres—I, renown, sir,
With that mad lyre.

Now just three years have rolled away—
Thy heart is healthier, mine more gay:
Dost thou repent thy marriage day,
Mari, mon cher?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PINEVILLE DEBATING SOCIETY.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

It chanced to fall to my lot to pass a few weeks, last winter, in the remote and by no means citified little town of Pineville. Said town is situated nowhere in general, and just four miles and a half from anywhere in particular, boasts of several or more inhabitants, two churches, and a store—which last, by the way, is the general rallying point for the male portion of the community of the aforesaid little town of Pineville, upon any and all important occasions. To do justice to the inhabitants, let me add that the place contains, in addition to the public works I have already spoken of, a venerable looking blacksmith's shop, with a long shed attached (although I never could make out whether the shed was attached to the shop, or the shop joined to the shed), which served as a shelter from the rain for any poor traveller who by adverse winds may have been driven so far from mankind in general as to come within the jurisdiction of Pineville—for no traveller would ever come to Pineville of his own accord, as the place is but little known outside the city walls, although the residents there think Pineville is "*some place.*" The shed is also made use of by those who live so far from the churches as to be obliged to ride to meeting, to drive their wagons "under kiver" during meeting-time, as neither of the churches can boast of a shed. I will close my description of the place by saying that at the west end of the town, the Washemdownstream River meanders splendidly along, and that the place also contains a by no means insignificant looking red schoolhouse, where the young (as well as some of the older) ideas are taught to shoot by the schoolmaster who boards around, and has twelve dollars a month.

One fine morning, just one week after the important event of the arrival in town of "yours respectfully," while sauntering slowly along through the principal street—by the way, Pineville has but one street—I was startled, and the blood made to course through my veins with unusual vigor, by seeing the following, and to the citizens of Pineville *extraordinary* announcement, printed in glaring red letters upon a dark background, posted upon the guideboard by the store.

"NOTICE.—All those young men, residents of Pineville, who go in for self-improvement, are hereby invited to attend a meeting to be held at the schoolhouse on Tuesday evening next. The object of this meeting is to see if it would be practicable to form a young men's debating club, for the general diffusion of knowledge, etc.
"Pineville, Jan. 4th."

This was indeed an important event in the history of Pineville, for the "general diffusion of knowledge" was an idea that never before entered the craniums of a large majority of the inhabitants of the place; consequently, on the next Tuesday night, the red schoolhouse was well filled with the "flower" of the young men of the town.

After some difficulty in calling the meeting to order—or rather, in getting them to *come* to order—one of the young men who had first started the idea for this tremendous plan for the "general diffusion of knowledge," mounted a chair, and expatiated at some length upon the advantages which must necessarily arise from the formation of such a society as it was the object of this meeting to form, and ended by calling upon all persons present to come up and sign, at the same time valiantly flourishing a huge sheet of "foolscap" around his head, and at the audience. The "*effect was tremendous.*" Consequence—an immediate rush to the speaker's stand, to sign and become members of the "Pineville Young Men's Debating Society."

The resolution was offered, put to vote, and passed, that no person but those belonging to the society could be admitted for the first four meetings; and the meeting adjourned.

Notwithstanding the above-named resolution, which excluded all persons from the house for the first four nights, excepting the members of the society, there might have been seen, upon each and every one of the aforesaid four nights, a young man who (as sailors say) by the "cut of his jib" would not have been taken by a close observer for one of the residents of Pineville. Said young man, whenever an uncommonly bright idea was held forth by any member of the society, might have been seen making mysterious looking characters with a pencil upon a mysterious looking little book, which he held in his hand; and although the said young man was *not* a member of the society, yet those who read this story will agree with us that he has done equally as much towards the "diffusion of knowledge"—at least, of the doings of that society—as he could possibly have done had he been a *member* of the society.

I omitted to say, that before the meeting adjourned, the next Saturday night was appointed as the time for the first regular meeting of the society. On that memorable occasion, the young man belonging to the signature under which this story is written, armed himself with a good-sized note-book, and several short ends of what had once been lead pencils, and started for the scene of conflict.

He succeeded in gaining admittance to the "battle-field" by keeping upon the shady side of two "big fellers," as they passed through the door; otherwise, the "general diffusion of knowledge" would not have been as great—at least, among the readers of this paper—as is now is, in consideration of the fact that there was a doorkeeper stationed at the door of the schoolhouse, to exclude all persons from the house but those belonging to the society (agreeably to the resolution passed at the previous meeting). The meeting was called to order at precisely seven minutes past seven o'clock.

The first business before the meeting, was to choose a president for said meeting. This was soon accomplished, and all that remained to be done before they could proceed to business—or rather, proceed to display the talents of the rising generation of Pineville—was to choose a subject to debate upon. Many were the subjects trotted out, but each in turn was refused, until the presiding officer decided that "the following question do be debated upon by this society," viz.: "Which is the most admired—the works of nature, or the works of art?"

This was accordingly chalked down upon the blackboard, so that there could be no mistaking the subject, and then the resolution was offered and passed, that no member should be allowed but fifteen minutes time to speak. Therefore a small watch, about the size of a miniature frying-pan, was laid upon the table (not by vote) before the president, and the meeting proceeded to business.

The first upon the floor was a huge pair of boots, containing a sorrel-topped, first-class edition of the rising generation of Pineville. He said:

"Mr. President—ladies and gentlemen"—by the way, there were no ladies present—"it is with feelings of great emotions that I come before you on this important occasion. I am poorly prepared to argufy, on this important occasion. The subject is of so much importance, not only to the young men of Pineville, but also to the rest of mankind, that I feel that I cannot do myself justice as a spokesman, on this important occasion. Therefore, I shall close my remarks by saying that I do not entertain a doubt but what the works of art are more admired than the works of nature—upon this important occasion."

This grandiloquent display of eloquence had such an effect upon the feelings of the house, that several minutes elapsed before any one dared venture upon the floor in defence of the other side of the question; but the argument for the other side was at length taken up, and handled in the following impressive manner:

"Mr. President,—As I have had but a few minutes' time wherein to consider the subject, I think it cannot be expected by this audience that I shall do anything *large* upon this floor this evening. But, sir, I wish to ask the gentleman upon the other side where he got his authority for saying that the works of art are more admired than the works of nature? No, *sir!* He's mistaken! How can I believe him, when I look round upon the stupendous works of nature? Look at Niagara Falls! who made that? was that the doin's of art? I think the gentleman who has just spoken upon the other side will agree with me that art never began to build such a wonderful thing. I could offer many other proofs, sir, to convince you that the works of nature are more admired than the works of art. There is the Rocky Mountains, with its lofty peaks streaking it up to the sky; who made that? I contend, Mr. President, that the works of art are no more, in comparison to the works of nature, than a doll baby is to the regular flesh and blood article; and then, again, look at nature's greatest job—the ladies; who made them? Now. Mr. President, if you or any one else here present wish any more proof, to convince you that the works of nature are greater than the works of art, let him come down to our sawmill, and view nature's great pond as it rushes through the flume and carries the sawmill. Then look at the ducks as they are seen paddling gracefully about over the unruffled waters of that pond. Did art ever make a pond with ducks in it? I think not, Mr. President."

Such a flow of argument could not last forever, and the author of these all-convincing proofs of the superiority of the "doin's" of nature over those of art, settled into his seat with an air which showed he was conscious of having done his share towards the "general diffusion of knowledge," for that evening, at least; and although there no longer remained a shadow of a doubt in the minds of the majority of the audience how the question would be decided at the close of the debate, yet the arguments for the other side were resumed in a manner that showed a determination upon the part of those in favor of the "doin's" of art (even after what had just been said upon the other side), "not to give up the ship."

"Mr. President"—with his back to the president—"and"—with his back to the audience—"ladies and gentlemen. You have listened very patiently for some time to what the gentleman who just now spoke upon the other side calls argument. Now that's no argument at all. And, Mr. President, even if that *was* argument, I can clearly prove to you, sir, that the works of art are more admired than the works of nature. I can give you proofs, before which any impression the words of the gentleman upon the other side may have left upon your minds will disappear like spirits o' turpentine from a bottle with the cork left out.

"In the first place, sir, he speaks of the Falls of Niagara. Now, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, what's Niagara? Falls alongside the Christial Palace? Let the gentleman upon the other side show me a work of nature which equals in magnificence splendor this same work of art—the Christial Palace.

"And again he speaks of the admirable works of the waters of nature in carrying his father's sawmill. Now, Mr. President, I contend that if it hadn't been for the works of *art*, that sawmill never would have been. And, sir, the pond itself never would have been, if it had not been for the works of art. Years ago, sir, that pond was nothing but a babbling brook, until the works of art came and built a dam across that brook and made the beautiful pond it now is.

"The gentleman upon the other side spoke also of the *ducks* which float gracefully along over that pond. I admit, sir, that ducks are an admirable work of nature; but what are they, sir, in comparison to a work of *art* that sometimes floats around that pond? I mean, sir, the little sail-boat owned by 'Squire Thompson. That can carry eight persons, at least, with ease; but ducks, sir, can carry nothing but their own web feet.

"I, Mr. President—yes, I, who now stands upon this floor in defence of the great works of art—have been to Californy (profound sensation). And what took me there? I answer, a big ship around Cape Horn. Was not that ship the works of art? One day, sir, while in Californy, I was crossing a large parary alone, and by myself. I saw while crossing that parary, at a distance ahead of me, and directly in my path, a huge wild horse. That, I suppose, the gentleman upon the other side of the question will contend was the works of nature. And, Mr. President, so it was; but, sir, I went two miles around, to avoid coming in contact with that horse. Was there anything admirable in that? I guess not, Mr. President. Yet, sir, the works of art caught that very horse, soon afterwards, and had him at work with a harness on his back. Was not that admirable—and another proof of the great superiority of the works of art over the works of nature?

"Before going to Californy, you will perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that I must necessarily go to New York, before I could take passage in that work of art the ship. And how did I get there? I went, sir, upon the railroad cars. Those cars were the works of art; and, sir, they were drawn by another mighty work of art—the locomotive steam engine, sir.

"There may be those present who have heard of Barnum's Museum. If so, I would say to them, that while in New York, I visited that museum. I saw there a greater collection of the works of art, Mr. President, than I ever dreampt of before I left my native place—Pineville; and last—but not least of all—I saw the Feegy mermaid. That, too, was the works of art. And now, Mr. President, in making your decision, I pray you to remember that the evidence you have just heard in defence of the works of art is from the mouth of one that has travelled, and, sir—I'm done."

Reader, this poor pen of mine will never attempt to describe the sensation produced by this great oratorical effort; suffice it to say that the tables were turned completely, with a large majority of the members of the society who before had been inclined to favor the other side. But the lovers of nature would not give it up so, and after waiting a few moments for the house to become quiet, disputant number four came upon the floor, and making a very low bow to the president of the meeting, and another to the audience, he proceeded:

"I wish to say to the members of this society, before commencing my argument, that they must not expect I can set out my argument with any such high-flown words as you have just heard from the mouth of the gentleman upon the other side; neither can I hold out as long. *But*, I shall say what I *do* say, and shall endeavor to keep alongside of truth—which I fear the gentleman upon the other side has not done, in every sense of the word. He says he has been to Californy. Well, there is no doubt but what he *has* been to Californy. His great larnin' shows that. He says that one day while crossing a—a parary, he saw a wild horse. I am not up here on this floor to dispute that he saw a wild horse; but I would like to ask him if he thinks the distance he went round to keep clear of him would hold out more'n a mile and a half, close measurement. He probably thought by keeping so far from what he acknowledges to be one of our side—I mean one of nature's own doin's—that distance lent enchantment to the view; and very likely the horse thought so too.

"Since the commencement of this meeting, I have given my whole attention to the great question now before us; and, sir, I have arrived at the conclusion that this is a great country, and nature done it all. The man upon the other side says the works of art took him to Californy. I deny the truth of the statement. The works of *nature* blew him around Cape Horn: and what, let me ask you, would the work of art he has spoken of—the ship—be good for, if nature didn't furnish water for it to float upon?

"I ask all of them that believe on the other side of this great question, where would they been if it hadn't been for the works of nature? When you consider, Mr. President, that if it hadn't been for the works of nature, you never would have been here to fill the honorafied position which you now hold as president of this society, I have no doubt but you will decide that the works of nature go as far ahead of the works of art as a 2.40 trotting-horse does ahead of an ox-cart. I repeat, sir, that nature is as much smarter than art as lightning is quicker than a snail.

"If I could have had a little time to think upon this subjeck, before coming here to-night, I could have used up my whole fifteen minutes in telling of the great and admirable works of nature—such as heaving up of earthquakes and others—but as I am not prepared to say more, I will sit down, confident that you will decide this question as it deserves."

After this, there were many things said upon both sides of the question; but as the "big guns" had all spoken, there was nothing more said worth recording, so your humble servant putting his note book into his pocket, awaited the conclusion of the matter. Whether he agreed with the president of the society in his opinion, or not, will never be known, as he has always sustained a profound silence upon the matter. The decision of the president, though somewhat lengthy, I give in his own words. It was:

"Members of the Pineville Debating Society—I return you sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred upon me this evening. I shall decide the question in favor of the works of nature, as I think the heft of argument has been upon that side."

The motion was now made, and seconded, that a subject be appointed to debate upon at the next meeting, so that the members could have time to think upon it before coming on to the floor to debate. The subject chosen was: "Which has the greatest influence, man or woman?"

After declaring the ladies of Pineville to be honorary members of the society, the meeting adjourned, and the young man who had so quietly kept his place in the corner, took his way homeward with his head filled with very elevated ideas of mankind in general, and the young men of Pineville in particular. What was done at the next meeting of the society, yet remains to be told by yours respectfully.

HOW TO PROMOTE PEACE IN A FAMILY.

Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.

When inclined to give an angry answer, to "overcome evil with good."

If from sickness, pain or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch over ourselves.

To observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.

To watch the little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

To take a cheerful view of everything, even of the weather, and encourage hope.

To speak kindly to the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.

In all little pleasures which may occur, to put yourself last.

To try for "the soft answer which turneth away wrath."

When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves: "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

In conversation, not to exalt yourself, but to bring others forward.

To be very gentle with the young ones, and treat them with respect.

Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive when we can.—*Life Illustrated.*

THE SHOWMAN.

Real genius is requisite to a successful showman. The man who had the show of the "Israelites Crossing the Red Sea," was "worthy of a better fate." Hear how he used to go on: "Walk up here—walk up and see the beautiful misrepresentation of Pharaoh and his host a-chasing the Israelites across the Red Sea—the only one in the world, and all to be seen for the price of one penny. This way, my little dears, look—[go away ye little ragged rascals, as got dirty noses, and haint got no money]—[pay first, please sir]—and come here my pretty dears; now blow yer noses, and don't breathe upon the glass; look to the right, and there you shall see—[this way, young gentlemen, here is to be seen, I repeat it without any repetition]—the only living and une lion from Bengal, the Vest Ingies—that is, I mean to say, live pieter of Pharaoh and his host a-driving the Israelites across the Red Sea. Look to the right, and there you shall see a nice looking man, with a mackintosh and green silk umbreller—that gentleman's Moses, and there's Pharaoh (and a shocking man he was) with a blue coat and brass buttons, and that's his host with a long whip in his hand, and—[walk up, yer honor, only a penny to see all.]" "Please, Mr. Showman," said an acute little querist, "were's the Israelites?" "O, they passed over just afore you paid your penny, my dear. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see this here wonderful show—the performers is just going to commence."—*New York Express.*

TURKISH HONESTY.

A Christian wandering through the bazaars, wished to buy a handkerchief of a Turkish shopkeeper. He asked the price.

"Seventy-five piasters."

"No," said the other, aware that it was the practice among all traders, whatever their creed, to ask at first more than their value, "that is too much, I will give you seventy." And as the dealer seemed to nod assent, he counted out the money.

But his surprise was great as the bearded Moslem, gravely pushing back to him twenty piasters, observed:

"This is more than the just price. It is the custom here to bargain everything down to its just value, and as fifty piasters is my proper price for this article, those twenty belong of right to you."

Verily, those whom we esteem barbarians may teach some folks, of higher pretensions, a pretty useful lesson!—*Eastern Travels.*

He whose opinion of mankind is not too elevated, will always be the most benevolent, because the most indulgent to those errors incidental to human imperfection; to place our nature in too flattering a view, is only to court disappointment and end in misanthropy.

Jester's Picnic.

"Go to bed, sir, in the closet, there," said an enraged father to a son, who had given him just cause of offence; "were it not that those gentlemen are present, I would give you a sound whipping; but you shall have it before breakfast to-morrow, certain."

The little rebel went to his crib with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour—just when the party was about to break up, the closet door was quietly pulled back and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be put into execution.

"Father, would ye just gie me my like this night for I canna sleep without them."

Lines written in a lawyer's office on the approach of SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise.
Hail to the coming on of spring.

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In freehold nests; themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

O, busiest term of Cupid's Court!
Where tender plaintiff actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail, as aforesaid, the coming spring!

A friend of ours, a few days since, was in a grocery store in the country, when two boys came in, the largest of whom was scarcely tall enough to reach the counter comfortably, the other about two bubcubs shorter. The tallest of the young gentlemen stepped up and deposited a penny on the counter.

"Look here," says he to the store-keeper, "give this little chap a stick of candy, will you? I'm in a hurry," and stepped out, leaving the "little chap" to wait for his sweetening.

In a recent sketch of an old penitence's death and career, it is said that he was the man (a Highlander in Picton's brigade) who, when a little Frenchman at Waterloo, cried "Quartre, quartre," answered, "Quarter ye? She has no time to do dat, nor ye maun e'en be contented to be cutted in tea." This is of a piece with the story of a Frenchman who was hanged at Tyburn, exclaiming, "Misericorde! ah, miser-I-corde!" "Measure the cord!" said the indignant hangman, "measure it yourself."

At the time of his visit to this country, in 1824, Lafayette related a variety of anecdotes connected with the American Revolution, and among others the following of the German Gen. Knyphausen. The ship in which he sailed from Europe was a long time accomplishing the passage, much to the annoyance of Knyphausen, who finally approached the captain on the subject. Inquiring "If it was not possible that he had sailed past America in the night?" He had mistaken the continent for an island.

In a large party, Dr. Parr had been endeavoring to hammer an argument into the convictions of an auditor, who replied, when he ceased speaking:

"I do not quite understand your object; but, as far as I comprehend it, I can only say, that my mind refuses to receive the impression you would give it."

"Why, then, sir," roared the doctor, "I can only say, that your mind has the dullness of lead, without its malleability."

"Pay me my money!" Robin cried
To Richard, whom he quickly spied,
And by the collar seized the blade,
Swearing he'd be that moment paid:
Base Richard instant made reply,
(And struck poor Robert in the eye),
"There's my own *mark* in *black* and *white*,
A note of *hand* and *paid as sight*."

The well-disposed countryman who came to town a few days since "to see the sights," learned a valuable lesson very soon after his arrival. He stopped an "artful dodger" on the walk, and handed him a dollar, in payment for some candy.

"Hold my basket, till I get it changed," said the urchin. The countryman consented, and is holding it now, probably—the boy hasn't been seen since!

Advice Gratis.—Respect gray hair, especially your own. Look up the place, when you are going out of town. Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.
Silks are chickens that always come home to roost.
The watercoat with a farthing in the pocket commands a high price from a Jew.

Courting in the country is altogether a different institution from the city article. In the former you get rosy lips, sweet cider, Johnny cakes, and girls made of nature, and in the latter, a collection of starch phrases, formal manners, fine silk, jewelry, and girls got up "in hoops." Always take to the rural district when you want to get a good style of calico.

People are prone to condemn in others what they practise in themselves without scruple. Plutarch tells of a wolf, who peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed, "What a clamor would they have raised if they had caught me at such a banquet."

It is so far fortunate that the gentlemen's fashions do not keep pace with the ladies': or else, by this time, their hats would have dwindled down to the size of a chanty-boy's muffin-cap, and their trowsers would have swollen out to about double the size of those of a Turk and Dutchman stitched together!—*Punch.*

Strayed, an Elephant.—Last week an elephant strayed from the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. The wanderer was last seen near the precincts of a lady's crinoline. If the gentlewoman can put her hand upon the animal, so that it may be restored to the secretary, she will be thankfully rewarded.—*Punch.*

TO A LIVING AUTHOR.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfered best:
But sure the piece you yet may mend:
Take courage, man! and steal the rest.

The old authors were happy in the choice of titles for their books. One of the time of James I. bore the following title: "Tobacco battered, and the pipes shattered about their ears that idly idolize so loathsome a vanity, by a volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon."

Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, acknowledges a complimentary notice in an exchange. In the following style: "We scarcely know, dear sir, how to thank you sufficiently. We wish you were the son of the President of the United States, and we were your father."

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